

THE RELIGION OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS. — By Rev. A. CLAYTON POWELL.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE



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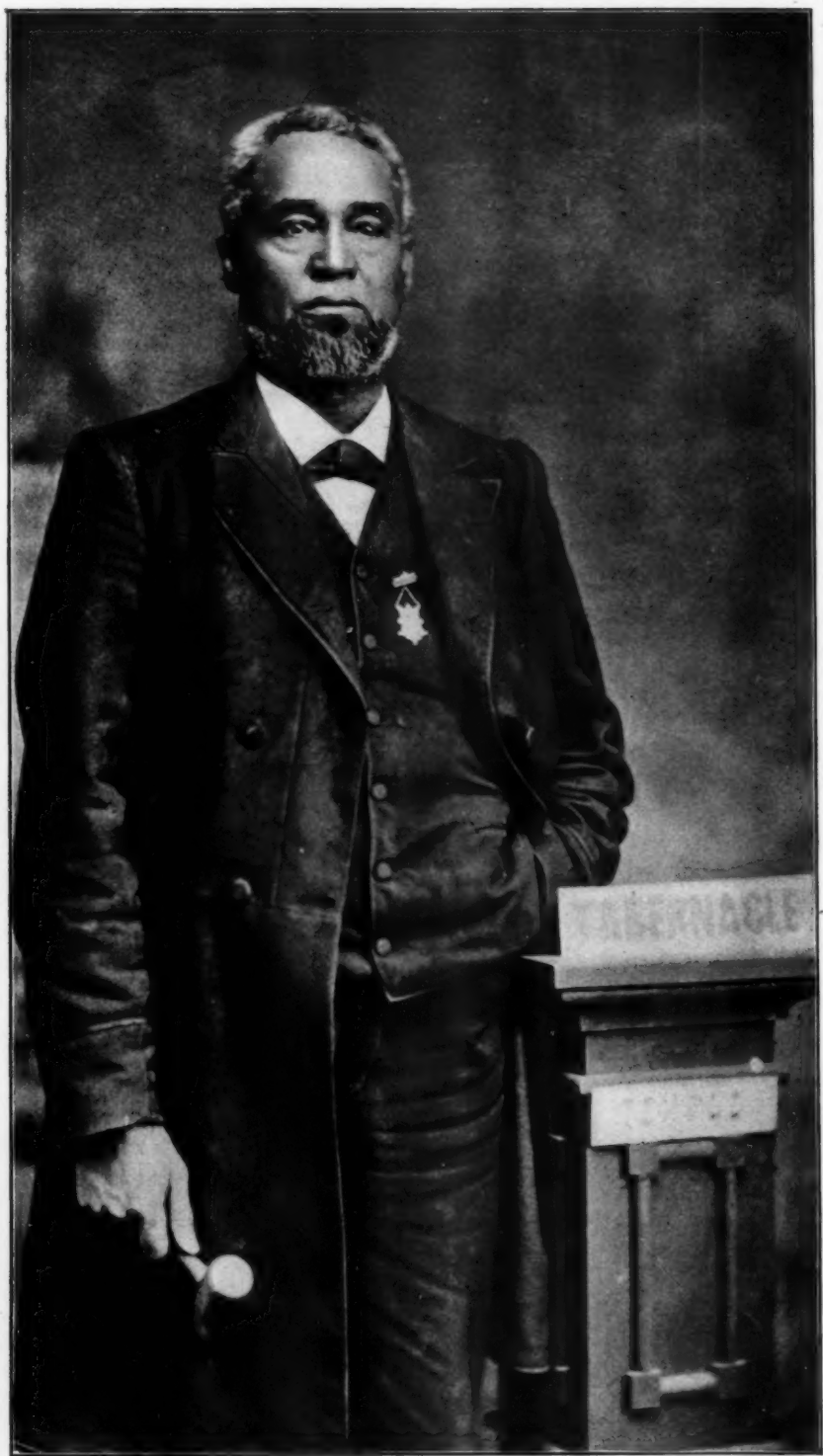
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"He cut the ropes that bound her, and she sank upon the ground again."

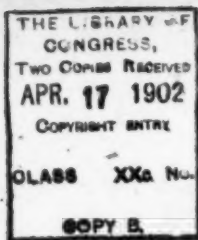
The above picture is from the book "Contending Forces," and shows the high quality of illustration in this fascinating volume. This book is by the same author as "Hagar's Daughter."

BE SURE AND READ IT.



THE LATE MOSES DICKSON,
THE GREAT NEGRO ORGANIZER AND FRATERNAL SOCIETY LEADER.

(See page 354.)



THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1902.

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THE RELIGION OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

REV. A. CLAYTON POWELL.

Frederick Douglass was a unique character. All other eminently great and good men have been reared under home or school influence. He had neither family nor school training; having never spent one day in the presence of his mother or one hour before a teacher as a pupil. The tendrils of his young heart had only the roughest bark of humanity around which to entwine and climb. A sack in the chimney corner was his only bed for years. Ofttimes the wolf of hunger preyed upon his stomach until he was driven to fight desperately with the dogs for the bones which were cast to them. The only religious or mental instruction given him was a lecture on the Lord's Prayer by an ignorant old man who severely stereotyped every word upon his mind with a cowhide. Half fed, half clothed and wholly whipped, he began to ask at an early age who was responsible for his deplorable condition. God or man? At times the pendulum of his youthful thoughts swung between faith in God and the blackest atheism.

One night while lying under the table he was aroused by his mistress reading the first chapter of Job. That night he "awoke to sleep no more". After weeks of praying and waiting, doubting and believing, a flood of heaven's light broke in upon his soul.

The soundness of his conversion has been doubted. Prominent churchmen have branded him with infidelity,

Atheism and Agnosticism. These accusations are based upon an erroneous interpretation of his writings and public utterances. Douglass never claimed to have been converted to the visible Church, but to Christianity. He was a fierce opponent of "The Ecclesiastic Machine", but a firm believer in "the ideal Church of Christ." The following lines which are quoted from one of his books tell why he was called an infidel and at the same time they explain his attitude toward the American Church as it then existed: "What I have said respecting and against religion, I mean strictly to apply to the slave-holding religion of this land, and with no possible reference to Christianity proper; for, between the Christianity of this land and the Christianity of Christ, I recognize the widest possible difference, so wide, that to receive the one as good, pure and holy, is of a necessity to reject the other as bad, corrupt, and wicked; to be the friend of the one is of necessity to be the enemy of the other; I love the pure, peaceable, and impartial Christianity of Christ; I therefore hate the corrupt, slave-holding, woman-whipping, cradle-plundering, partial and hypocritical Christianity of this land. . . We have men-stealers for ministers, women-whippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for church members. The man who wields the blood-clotted cowskin during the week, fills the pul-

pit on Sunday and claims to be a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. He who sells my sister for purposes of prostitution, stands forth as the pious advocate of purity. The man who robs me of my earnings at the end of each week, meets me as a class-leader on Sunday morning to show me the way of life and the path of salvation. He who proclaims it a religious duty to read the Bible, denies me the right of learning to read the name of God who made me. He who is the religious advocate of marriage, robs whole millions of its sacred influence, and leaves them to the ravages of wholesale pollution. Dark and terrible as is this picture, I hold it to be strictly true of the overwhelming mass of professed Christians in America. They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Could anything be more true of our Churches? They would be shocked at the proposition of fellowshipping with a sheep-stealer; and at the same time they hug to their communion a man-stealer, and brand me with being an infidel if I find fault with them for it."

If denouncing the American Church, which sorely needed a reformation, made Douglass an infidel, Martin Luther and all the reformers of the Christian era deserve the same appellation. Even Christ himself cannot escape this stigma; for it was against the religious machine that he hurled the most powerful Anathemas. It was upon the very heads of the Church that he poured forth his most withering fires of sarcasm. The time serving priest religion that gathered up its sacerdotal skirts and went by on the other side of outraged and suffering humanity was sternly rebuked by him. Douglass, like his Lord and Master, was not an orthodox according to the opinion of the Church. How many great men have been?

At a reception in London he gave a synopsis of his religious belief in the words which follow:

"I love the religion of our blessed Saviour, I love that religion that comes from above, in the wisdom of God, which is first pure, then peaceable,

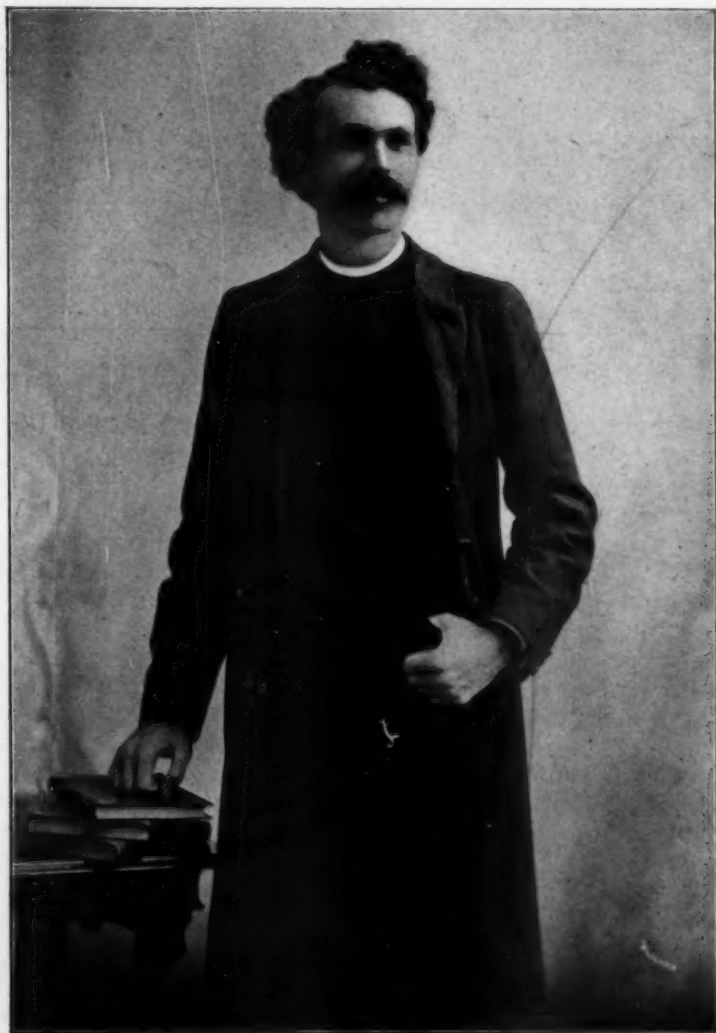
gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. I love that religion that sends its votaries to bind up the wounds of him that has fallen among thieves. I love that religion that makes it the duty of its disciples to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. I love that religion that is based upon the glorious principles of love to God and love to man, which makes its followers do unto others as they themselves would be done by. If you demand liberty to yourself, it says, grant it to your neighbors. If you claim the right to think for yourself, it says, allow your neighbors the same right."

This is not only a synopsis of the religion of Frederick Douglass, but it is also the very quintessence of the teaching of the Son of God.

Douglass was one of the few men who lived a Christian, despite the Church. He was not of the opinion that the Clergy had a monopoly on salvation, if the keys of the kingdom had been given to St. Peter and handed down to his successors. To him the arm of Jesus Christ was strong enough, long enough and beneficent enough to reach right down through the hypocrisy of the Church and snatch a sinner from among the priests and deacons as a brand from the eternal burning. His faith in Christ was as unshaken as the storm lashed Matterhorne. When all the machinery of Church and State was used to keep his race in bondage he went up and down through the land, like the prophet in Ninevah crying: "One man with God is a majority." When the heart of the abolitionist had grown sick because of hope deferred; when the Kansas depredation, the Dred-Scott Decision and the knocking down of Sumner in the Senate had covered the cause of freedom with a deep gloom, Sojourner Truth, like an angel from Heaven, asks "Is God dead?" Douglass revived the dying faith of his friends and electrified the cause of freedom by thundering back from the rostrum: "No, God is not dead; and

therefore it is that slavery must end in blood." When the black eagle of despair screamed from every tower of earthly help and hope, "his thoughts wandered through eternity and his af-

says he, "for God to deliver me from slavery, but he never answered me until I made my legs pray." Speaking to the preachers once he said: "Faith itself does not seem to be worth much



REV. A. CLAYTON POWELL, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

fections twined about the universal Father."

The faith of Douglass was not the kind that waits with folded arms for God to do everything. He felt it his bounded duty to assist Providence. No man was more strenuous in his efforts to show his faith by his works. He believed that God helps them who help themselves. "I prayed many years,"

if anything in the absence of work. The preacher who finds it easier to pray for knowledge than to tax his brain with study will find his congregation growing beautifully less, and his flock going elsewhere for the mental food."

It must not be inferred from anything which I have said that Douglass was a misanthropist. He believed in

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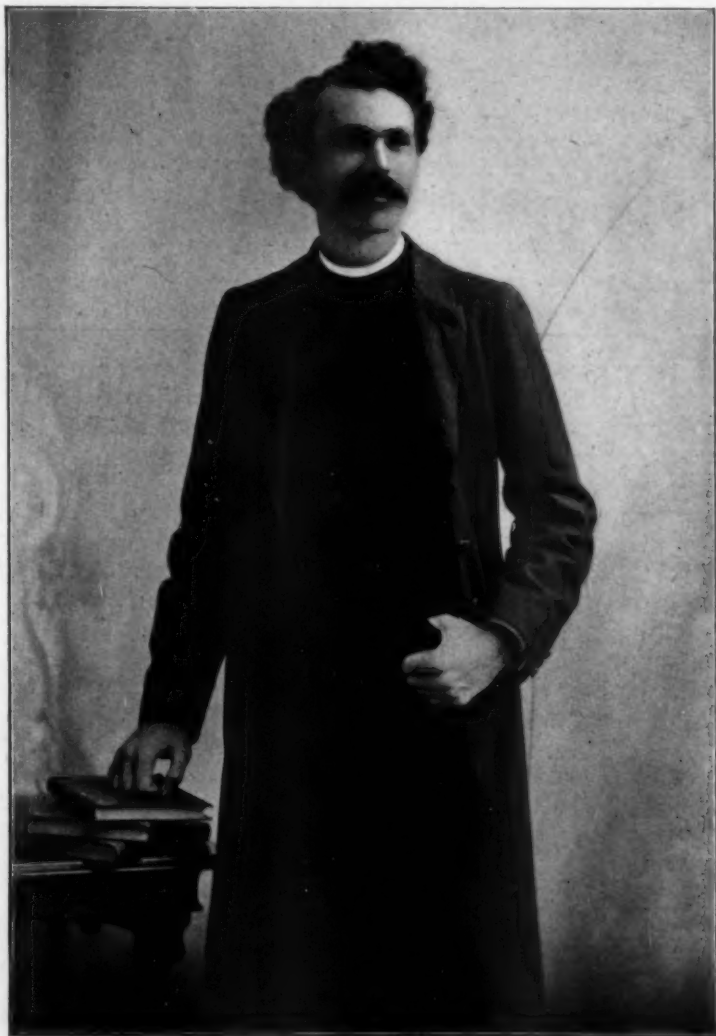
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men and loved them. "My Country is the world and all mankind are my countrymen" was the guiding star of his life. He stood on the seldom trodden height of human equality and preached the gospel of a universal brotherhood. May the mantle fall on the shoulders of the American Clergy. The sooner the negro is fully recognized as the image of God in ebony instead of a messenger of Satan to buffet the white man about, the sooner a new era of peace and happiness will dawn upon our land. The negro is a fixity in America. God has so decreed that the colored man's destiny should be wrapped up with the white man's in this Country. The white man's burden is the black man's burden. We must all rise or fall together. You many think him a thorn in the flesh and pray for his removal, but the only answer that will ever come to such a prayer is the one that was received by the great apostle: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

When the echoing voice of the slave auctioneer had been drowned in the roaring of the cannon, there was no vindictive feeling in the breast of Douglass toward those who had oppressed him and his people. It all passed away with the noise of battle. In his crusade against slavery he used to preach a sermon in imitation of the Methodist Clergy on the text: "Servants, obey your masters." Some of the literary critics have called it the best satire in the English language. Mrs. Stanton asked him years after the emancipation if he could repeat it. He said: "No, I could not bring back the old feeling; I would not if I could. The blessings of liberty I have so long enjoyed and the many tender friendships I have with the Saxon race on both sides of the ocean, have taught me such sweet lessons of forgiveness that the painful memories of my early days are almost obliterated; and I would not recall them if I could."

On a visit to St. Michaels, toward the sunset of his eventful career, he received an invitation from his old mas-

ter, Thomas Auld, for an interview. This meeting is one of the most touching and unique in the history of man. It is a sublime illustration of the Christ-Spirit to unite asundered humanity and to make the rough ways smooth.

Frederick Douglass, the former slave, nearing the shining summit of three-score years and ten, walks to the bedside of Thomas Auld, the former master, now in his 80th year, about to step out of time into the great beyond. For a few minutes an eloquent silence reigns—neither can speak. Tears fall from the eyes of both men. Their breasts heaved and swelled with emotion like the subsiding of the ocean after being whipped by a furious storm. At last the lump sinks in their throats. The tears are brushed from their eyes. Ex-master and ex-slave see each other no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face. Douglass says: "You tried to crush my manhood, smother my aspirations and reduce me to the level of a brute. You bound me out to a notorious negro braker, you stole my wages, broke up my Sunday school, stopped me from reading, lashed my bare back and sent me to prison. I forgive you. I regard you as I did myself a victim of circumstances, of birth, education and custom. I did not run away from you, but from Slavery. It was not that I loved Caesar less, but Rome more." Auld replies: "Frederick, I always knew that you were too smart to be a slave, and had I been in your place I should have done as you did. Oh, I never liked slavery, and I meant to emancipate all of my Slaves when they reached the age of twenty-five years."

A few words about eternity and the conversation closes. Frederick Douglass goes back to the honored office of U. S. Marshal at Washington. Thomas Auld departs in peace to the land beyond the borders of time where there is neither bond nor free. Theodore Tilton, a life-long friend to Douglass, dedicated these verses at Paris to his memory:

"I knew the noblest giants of my day.
And he was of them—strong amid the
strong,
But gentle, too: for though he suffered
wrong,
Yet the wrong-doer never heard him
say:
Thee also do I hate.

Proud is the happy grief with which I
sing:
For, O my Country; in the paths of
men
There never walked a grander man
than he!
He was a peer of princes, yea, a king;
Crowned in the shambles and the
prison-pen—
The noblest Slave that ever God set
free!"

His morning was stormy, his noon-day brilliant, his evening calm. We read the following words in a letter written to a friend a short while before his death which breathe sentiment as beautiful and as peaceful as the last lingering ray of the sun which dances upon the bosom of an unruffled lake and kisses the silent mountain tops good night: "I sometimes, at long intervals, try my old violin; but, after all, the music of the past and of imagination is sweeter than any my unpracticed and unskilled bow can produce. So I lay my dear old fiddle aside and listen to the soft, silent distant music of other days, which, in the hush of my spirit, I still find lingering somewhere in the mysterious depths of my soul."

Dr. Simmons once declared "that such a soul as Douglass' could be found

in the galling bonds of Slavery is the blackest spot in the realm of thought." Looked at from a human point of view, Douglass is a mystery; but when we get away from carnal reasoning into the temple of Spiritual contemplation the mystery fades, and once more in the calcium light of the Eternal Shekinah we see God choosing the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

Out on the rough coast of Wales once stood a lighthouse upon which was wyitten, "I am here to stand." One night an awful storm lashed the ocean until it howled furiously. The lighthouse was beaten down and carried away by the billows. The English government hired a Christian man to build another lighthouse upon the same spot. This man of God tore away the wreck and rubbish of the old foundation, and deep down upon bedrock he laid his first stones. On these he chiseled "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." As it rose above high-tide mark, he wrote where every passing sailor could read, "I am here to give light and to save life." Upon its very top he left this inscription: "Praise ye the Lord." Many in the days of Douglass built upon the sand and sentiment of human philosophy, and like the foolish man in the Scriptures fell. Douglass dug through the rubbish of Slavery and the hypocrisy of humanity and laid the foundation of his life on the eternal Rock of Ages. He rose high; he gave light; he saved life.

I concluded, therefore, that the religion which Frederick Douglass loved and lived was the religion of Jesus Christ and of his Apostles.





A ZULU PRINCE

By P. Calvin Pinn

It was in Boston one October day in 189— that I first saw him. As I met him coming down Tremont street I thought here was a type of the black man to inspire the soul of an artist to treat a much neglected subject. Tall, picturesque, eloquent in expression, he strode through the crowd like a black god. His English High School cap was pushed back on his head so as to display a high forehead with a circular mark in the centre. He was very dark, but there was a smoothness and transparency about his skin that allowed the ruddy hue of the blood to show through it. His hair was curly rather than wooly. His cheek bones were high, his lips not too thick and finely moulded; his nostrils were wide, and from the base of them two well-defined lines extended to the corners of his

lips—a mark of savagery not far removed. I think it was his eyes, dark, magnetic, splendid that first drew my attention to him. But this somewhat exhaustive inventory is inadequate to give the effect of his princely air, of that indefinable something that bespoke him above the common herd.

After that day I saw him frequently; indeed, we at length grew to recognize each other by a nod. One morning I overtook him on Washington street. My interest had reached such a pitch that I made so bold as to say the first word without the formality of an introduction between us.

"Ah, you are a student at the English High School, I believe," I said, on overtaking him.

"Yes, sah," he replied. "I am preparin' for Hahbred."

"And you are from the South, I presume?" I noticed a peculiarity in his accent that led me to the question.

"No, I am from Africa. I've been here studyin' six yeahs, and when I finish my cose at Hahbred I am goin' back to teach my people somethin'."

By this time we had reached my office and I invited him in. He accepted the invitation and talked to me very freely on the subject of himself. He was born in Cape Town twenty-one years ago and traced his lineage back to the famous Panda, whose name he bore. At the age of fourteen he came to this country for study, and in two years he was to enter the Lawrence Scientific School.

Not long after this, as I was passing the English High School, I saw a dusty figure wheeling out a load of ashes. The lines of the form behind the barrel of ashes seemed somehow familiar. But it was only when he raised his head and I observed his eyes, dark, magnetic, splendid, that I recognized—the Prince! I nodded and went my way.

On pursuing inquiries I found that the prince was not a student at the English High School, but an assistant janitor there. His penchant for wearing an E. H. S. cap and carrying a green bag full of books was a well-known joke in the school. The funny part about it was that, though in all other respects rational, he was so fond of posing as a student that he seemed really to believe himself one. Indeed, I learned afterwards that he would sit up all night studying—he was fond of the phrase “burning the midnight oil”—cramming Latin and Greek, in which languages he finally became about as proficient as a Hottentot in the wilds of Africa.

About this time I went abroad. When I returned two years later, I paid Cambridge a flying visit in November and staid to see the Harvard-Yale football game. The day of the game was fine and bracing. The excitement that pervaded the University city seemed embodied in the ozone of the atmosphere. The living stream that flowed over the bridge to Soldiers' Field contrasted brightly with the dark stream that flowed beneath it. Ahead of me in the throng one tall figure especially caught my eye. Where had I seen that form before? Like a flash the memory association came across my mind. It was the “Prince.”

By some strange freak of fortune he sat directly in front of me. He was dressed in student style and carried a crimson flag, which he lost no opportunity to wave. As the Harvard team trotted on the field, there was a movement among the crowd and masses of color which filled the amphitheatre, there was a crescendo of cheers, then a subsidence into a murmur as of the hoarse-resounding sea. Through it all

I caught the “Prince’s” voice yelling “Hahbred, Hahbred, Hahbred!” as through a megaphone. The glorious plays that were made that day have grown indistinct in my mind, the names of the heroes are vague, but sometimes, when I think about it, I hear the “Prince’s” voice ringing in my ears with all its pristine gusto, “Hahbred, Hahbred, Hahbred!”

After the game I caught up with the “Prince.” He wore a military cut suit, such as were popular among the students at the time, with padded shoulders absurdly broad, coat absurdly short, trousers absurdly wide about the hips. He now had on gold rimmed glasses and had a light overcoat thrown over his arm. Nor was the student’s cap missing, nor cane with crimson ribbons and Harvard flag. I asked him what progress he was making in his studies. He said he was doing very well in the Scientific School and intended to go out “for de track.”

From another source I learned that the “Prince” was now a janitor in one of the college buildings and that was the only capacity in which he was officially connected with Harvard. This news did not surprise me, and I only was waiting to hear that he was a bogus Prince and that I had been like to be another Tartarin.

I had been living in London, I think, about a year and a half since this, when I heard that the “Prince” was there. Having appropriated some property that Harvard College regarded as its own, His Royal Highness had been constrained to leave for a more congenial clime.

Another of those strange coincidences that had thrown us together brought about our meeting once again. Being but an humble barrister, I could not boast the entrée to high London society. And now for a confession on my own part. I have a taste for ferretting out mysteries and have met with some success as an amateur detective. Knowing the silly prejudice which cheap literature about detectives has brought down upon their heads, I did not let the fact leak out in the early part of my narrative, but now I can no

longer keep my true character in the background.

The Duchess of D— had been losing jewelry and plate in a mysterious way. She suspected one of the servants and had me to dine with her that I might have an opportunity of sizing the man up. At the table I sat opposite a gentleman who was introduced to me as a Zulu prince, Prince Panda. I recognized the eloquent face with the scar in the forehead, I recognized the name, I recognized the eyes, dark, magnetic, splendid. It was the Prince of my American acquaintance. I congratulated myself that he failed to recognize my face with its newly grown Vandyke. He talked fluently, with some accent and strange idiom, and told of his adventures the past year, how he fought with Kitchener in the camel brigade, how he was taken by the insolent foe, tortured and marked on the forehead as a captive, and how he escaped and made his way back to the English lines. The fair Desdemona on either side of him did with greedy ear devour his discourse. I did not know whether to laugh in his face or to denounce him as an impostor. I was shrewd enough to bide my time, however, and wait for further developments. I contented myself with telling my hostess that I had a clue and that the servant she suspected was out of the question.

I discovered that the "Prince" lived on King's Road in Chelsea. Being of royal blood and apparently having plenty of money, he moved in the most select circles, not on sufferance, but as an honored guest. Where did he get all this money? I felt that this question bore direct relation to the disappearance to the Duchess' diamonds and determined to follow the theory up.

He was in the habit of leaving his house at about 8.30 in the morning, I learned. One morning I saw him leave with a suspicious looking bundle under his arm. He was not dressed as usual, in the height of fashion, but plainly, rather, if not shabbily. He looked around furtively, walked up King's Road to Sloan Square and took an om-

nibus. I hailed a cab and told the driver to follow the 'bus. We went down Grosvenor Road to Grosvenor Studio, and there my man got out. I went on a little ways before I told the cabby to stop. I handed him half a sovereign and got out just in time to see the "Prince" disappearing through the door of Grosvenor Studio. Thoroughly convinced that there was a "fence" in the place where the "Prince" meant to dispose of his ill-gotten plunder, I waited five minutes and rushed into the studio. I was hastily explaining my sudden entrance to the excited artist, when I saw the "Prince" clad à la savage, looking, trying to think where he had seen me before. I rushed out no less precipitately than I had rushed in, hailed a cab and was driven home, a sadder and a wiser man.

I sat in my room a long time brooding over the wrong I had done the Prince. He was a humbug, but no criminal. It was all clearer to me now than the light of day. The Prince led a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of existence. In the morning he posed as a savage in the studio that he might get the wherewithal to pose in the evening as a Prince in the drawing-room.

I pulled myself together sufficiently to go and relate my humiliating experience to the Duchess. It did not diminish my discomfiture when she informed me that the butler whom she suspected all along had gone off with an elegant pearl necklace and a valuable pair of bracelets. I was not invited to dine with her again.

Not many months after this I happened to be stopping at the Hotel Savoy in Paris. I was sitting in the café at a table not far from two old gentlemen who were discussing the furore which a newly arrived African Prince was creating among the aristocracy. He hob-nobbed only with the nobility and had publicly snubbed a prominent republican senator. I was curious to come across this Prince to see if he in anywise resembled Prince Panda, and my curiosity was gratified strangely enough.

One morning I was walking down the Faubourg St. Germain, thinking of the Prince, when I ran into someone. Looking up to beg his pardon, I found gazing into mine a pair of eyes, dark, magnetic, splendid.

The Prince, for it was he, if he recognized me, harbored no hard feelings, apparently. With a few words of apology in very badly broken French he passed on. Following him some distance with my eyes, I saw him at length enter a well-known studio. "Up to his old tricks again," I thought as I turned my steps homeward.

I was now persuaded that the Prince was a humbug, but no criminal. Imagine my bewilderment when I stumbled on a paragraph that seemed to show conclusively that he was an ex-convict. I was reading an article on the diamond mines of South Africa. It went on to tell about diamond stealing in the mines and the severe penalties when thieves were discovered. Among these penalties was that of branding on the forehead with a circular mark. My Prince, then, was a mere ex-convict from the Cape.

With such thoughts running riot through my brain I wandered toward the studio where I had last seen Panda, if such was his name. I walked to and fro before it till about one o'clock, when I saw the fellow come out. It seemed evident that his posing was only a blind after all, and I decided to follow him until I had solved the mystery which enveloped him.

Much to my surprise, when the Prince got to the Faubourg St. Germain, a Zulu in eastern costume meeting him, gave him a profound salaam, which the Prince returned by a nod, and passed on. I was constrained to abandon my trail of the Prince and accost the picturesque figure which had shown him so much reverence. "Peace be with you," he replied in passable French. I ventured to ask him who was the gentleman to whom he had just made such respectful obeisance. Thereupon I heard a story that befogged my mind more than ever. The man looked too honest to be a confederate in a fraud; yet his story corroborated the story the Prince first told me of himself in America.

Penda's father, a famous Zulu chief, was defeated and captured by a rival claimant. The father was killed, the boy, then about twelve or thirteen, was branded on the forehead and made a slave. He soon after escaped and was sent by friends to America.

In less than a month I found that this romance was true. Panda's faction had again come in power and recalled him. He did not care to go back, however, and negotiated with the French government for a pension in exchange for actual suzerainty. Panda retained the title of Prince and lives in Paris now, a striking figure. He still mingles with the aristocracy, but he no longer has to earn money posing in order to keep up a front. Truly, blood as well as water will find its level.



THE CHRISTENING OF A HAYTIAN BABY.

THEODORA HOLLY, PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI.

CONFERRING SPONSORHOOD: ITS MORAL ASPECT.

It is difficult for one who has not lived among the Haytians to realize to how great an extent the rôle of sponsor can increase the affection already existing between two friends. A Frenchman commenting on this fact has said

ship. This relationship has a name and it carries obligations and privileges that are uncontested.

Two friends are chosen who stand, to the infant itself, in the relations of godmother and godfather. As the child grows up he is taught to address them as *marraine* and *parrain*; this appella-



A TYPICAL HAYTIAN BABY.

that in Hayti the relationship born of these baptismal ties is "more binding than that of blood." The assertion is hardly exaggerated.

To the Haytian mind, this friendly office performed towards a friend's child—apart from the religious significance which it has—creates a relation-

tion, in later years, he does not try to outgrow. To the parents, and to each other, the sponsors are linked by the designation *commère* and *compère*: the sense of these words can best be gathered from the terms co-parents, or second mother and father.

The deference and affection which

every member of Baby's household show to the god-parents, and the process of petting by which these individuals bid fair to spoil the child, develops in that young person towards his sponsors a sentiment in which awe,

keenly disgraced when some stress of circumstance obliges him to decline the proffered honor. Baby's social position may be at great extremes from that of his sponsor-elect; that fact does not alter the consciousness of an honor



A HAYTIAN BABY.

Louis, son of Mr. Nicols, the Haytian Consul-General at New York.

devotion and proud proprietorship are curiously intermingled.

Thus in this country the act of asking a friend to stand as sponsor for one's offspring being considered the greatest proof of esteem that any one can bestow, the person chosen feels

conferred. The most unfortunate mother, in Hayti, would not offer her child in baptism to an individual, man or woman, towards whom—in some way—she had not contracted a debt of affectionate respect: the national characteristic is uncompromising in that

respect. In consequence, the sincerity of the motive is seldom, if ever, questioned.

ACCEPTING SPONSORHOOD: ITS MATERIAL ASPECT.

When his imperial highness, Baby, has arrived, the parents notify as early as convenient the two chosen friends, for precedent requires that Baby be baptized as soon after the first month as possible. The godparents call at once on their filleul (godchild) and to their unbounded delight discover that never before have they seen such a promising baby. By a remarkable coincidence this happens to be exactly what the parents themselves had thought, and by a natural sequence everybody immediately concerned is mutually pleased with the other's rare good sense and intuition.

The father goes to the registrar's office, declares Baby's birth, which is duly registered; then an official document is drawn up and delivered, which is called the "Acte de naissance." The parrain sees the minister or priest, hires a carriage in advance and orders wines, cakes and bonbons for about fifty guests. If he wishes to be very charming he sends the godmother a bouquet of roses a few hours before the baptism, or a beautiful present afterwards.

It is the godmother's duty and privilege to present Baby with his baptismal robe and other accessories for the occasion, and she usually sends the very

best she can afford in the line of mousseline, valenciennes and silk confections. If Baby has no nurse she provides one for the occasion.

The gentleman calls and takes his commère to the parents' home, where she helps to array Baby in all his splendor; then they drive to the church and the man of God performs the beautiful christening service. After the ceremony, if Baby is acquiescent, they drive around for a promenade; otherwise his highness is taken straight home to his parents, where friends have already assembled, and are impatiently awaiting—refreshments.

SUPERSTITIONS AND TRADITIONS.

It is considered an omen of long life for a Baby to cry at its christening.

At whatever age a person dies, if without godchildren the arms are to be lain straight alongside the body of the deceased; if he has had such, the hands are to be crossed. It is considered fitting that one of the godchildren (if old enough) fold the lifeless hands, but not required.

At least once a year—on January 1st—parents are expected to send their children to pay their respects to the godparents. In some instances there would be a pretty long file of them if distance and demise did not interfere, some persons having as many as fifty odd godchildren, all counted.

Such is the institution of baptism in Hayti.





MR. DAVIS AT HIS WORK.

SAMUEL E. DAVIS,

MUSICIAN—MECHANIC—INVENTOR.

R. ANTOINE ROGERS.

Samuel E. Davis was born in Crawford, Essex county, New Jersey. In the year 1847 he journeyed to and settled in New Orleans, La., where he obtained employment in the carriage repositories of I. Marsh Denman & Co. and Crane & H. R. Beach & Co. With these two concerns he was employed for nearly a score of years.

After this term of service, he took up music and followed it as a vocation, playing the double bass and guitar at different times on the river boats plying between New Orleans and Cincinnati. He also furnished music for dances in New Orleans and neighboring towns, and was at one time the leader of a band of German musicians. Mr. Davis was acquainted with many of the most prominent musicians and music

teachers of those early days, among whom were professors Sparor, Blackmar and Dede, and Messrs. Martin and Holland, father of Hon. Justin M. Holland, corresponding clerk and collector of customs at New Orleans.

Of late years Mr. Davis has laid aside the double bass and given all his spare time to the guitar, upon which he plays innumerable selections, many of which are his own composition. He also has several guitars of his own make, which portray his inventive genius and originality.

Mr. Davis is, however, better known now as a mechanic than as a musician. During the administration of Gov. Warrmouth, Mr. Davis resolved to learn a trade, and it was then that the real genius in the man came to the surface. For

he is at the present time not only a finished cabinet maker, which is his chosen calling, but he is thorough in wagon and boat building, furniture making and in fact all branches of fine wood work. Mr. Davis has won compliments from some of the most prominent peo-

From this expression we glean the fact that before Mr. Davis there is no other high-grade cabinet-maker, at least not in New Orleans.

Surrounded as our race is by prejudice, it is only through true merit that the negro will ever be accorded the cred-



MR. DAVIS AND ASSISTANT PLAYING THE DOUBLE GUITAR.

ple of New Orleans. The Rt. Rev. David Sessums, Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Louisiana, said to him after viewing some work which he had done in the church and residence of the Bishop: "Why, Davis, you can do anything."

Mr. Hodgson, the well known auctioneer of New Orleans, gave these instructions to his janitor regarding a fine piece of wood work that had been damaged: "If Davis cannot fix it, send it back to New York."

it due him. This credit now comes from a few; but a very few, as the majority of people seem bent on making us feel, that no matter what we do, or how well we do it, "we are only niggers anyhow."

Mr. Davis as a mechanic has no equal in Louisiana, and probably not in the South. The following letters speak for themselves:

To the Hon. E. A. Burke, Director General of the New Orleans World and Centennial Exposition:

Sir—In view of the great interest taken in promoting the industry, as well as to the mechanical skill of some of the colored expert mechanics of Louisiana, and imbued with the importance of having at its head a thorough and well-known experienced mechanic, as a duly accredited representative, to whom such work or specimens could be submitted for location and designation at the New Orleans World and Centennial Exposition, we, the undersigned, respectively submit the name of Samuel E. Davis, Esq., as the best and most suitable gentleman, not only to represent his class, but as the most expert and acknowledged artist in his trade.

Hoping that this humble petition will be taken into consideration and granted, we respectfully subscribe ourselves:

(Then follows a long list of names of prominent men of the city of New Orleans. In answer to the above, the Hon. Mr. Burke wrote:)

New Orleans, July 7, 1884.

George Denegre, Esq.,

48 Camp St., City:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 12th ult., referring to Mr. S. E. Davis has been received. Hon. B. K. Bruce, Ex-Senator from Mississippi, has consented to take charge of the Colored Department, so I shall refer your letter to him with favorable endorsement.

E. A. Burke,

Director General.

Dear Sir—Yours of the 12th ult., referring to colored politicians, Mr. Davis failed to receive the desired commission.

In 1897 Mr. Davis sent to President McKinley a very fine model of an electric launch which he had made for the Exposition. The President accepted it and sent the following kindly acknowledgement through his Secretary:

Executive Mansion,

Washington, March 19, 1897.

Mr. S. E. Davis, New Orleans, La.:

My Dear Sir—The President directs me to make appreciative acknowledgement of your kindness in the presentation of a beautiful model of an electric launch through Hon. Hy-Demas of your State. Very truly yours,

John Addison Porter.

Mr. Davis also made a beautiful gavel of rosewood and mahogany, and presented it through Mr. Emile Kuntz of New Orleans, to the Hon. Sebastian Lodge, chairman of the Republican National Convention, which met in Philadelphia, during June, 1900.

Mr. Davis has made many masterpieces of work, which can be found in the United States Custom House, Christ's Church Cathedral, New Orleans Cotton Exchange, Soule Commercial College, Crescent City Jockey Club and numerous private clubs and residences.

Hon. David D. Shelby, Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals; Messrs. Hester, Denegre, Holland, Stanffer, Farrar, Reno, Bush and others all attest as to Mr. Davis's ability. Mr. Davis's shop is the most complete one in the city, as he has tools which no other shop possesses, some of which he made himself, he being a metal worker of no mean ability.

Among the many objects which he has invented and made, the following are deserving of mention: A double guitar, with travelling case; this guitar may be played as one or two instruments; folding step-ladder; disappearing ironing board; extension measuring rod; brace attachment for corner boring; revolving tool rack; cravat press; adjustable blade for tongue and groove plane; clamp for setting guitar bridges; clamp for hairing violin bows, and many other useful articles.

Mr. Davis recently presented a beautiful violin to Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of President Roosevelt. It was a gourd-shaped instrument, made for the most part of mahogany, inlaid with mother of pearl and with just a trimming of cypress. It was all the work of Mr. Davis's hands except the strings, which were bought in New Orleans. He made the keys, the finger boards, the body, and he fashioned it with rare skill, intending all the time to make for the daughter of the President something which she will keep. It was a beautiful piece of craftsmanship, daintily curved, exquisitely touched, and it had a tone rare and sweet. "I worked

on the violin for months," said Mr. Davis. "I had no intention at first of presenting it to Miss Roosevelt, but as I progressed with it and saw it was going to be the best work of my days, I determined to send it to the President's

daughter. It was assuredly a good instrument, one which sounded better than any I have ever seen. I thought she would appreciate it, and I am sure she does. You see the letter from the President's secretary thanking me for it."

MOSES DICKSON.

THE GREAT NEGRO ORGANIZER AND FRATERNAL SOCIETY LEADER.

BY LESTER A. WALTON, OF THE ST. LOUIS "STAR."

In the death of Moses Dickson, of St. Louis, Mo., on November 28, last, the world lost one of the greatest Negro organizers and fraternal society leaders of the nineteenth century. When his remains were interred in a private lot in St. Peter's Cemetery, situated in St. Louis, Mo., on December 7, 1901, the act marked the last chapter in the life of a man who, through his individual efforts, founded and perfected the largest secret Negro organization in the world.

As a fitting monument to the progressive spirit, the executive ability, the unstinted zeal and indomitable perseverance which characterized the man during his life, there now stands a large and influential organization—The International Order of Twelve, of Knights and Daughters of Tabor.

This organization is a secret society composed of Negro men and women, which has a membership of nearly one hundred thousand. It is represented in almost every State in the Union. While the order is not regarded in exactly the same light as the Negro Masons, and other secret organizations which have only male members, the International Order of Twelve, of Knights and Daughters of Tabor, has made itself quite a factor in caring for the poor and needy members of the Negro race; and all of the munificent acts of the widely known society have been brought about by Moses Dickson, known the United States over as "Father Dickson."

It was Father Dickson's brain that conceived the idea to effect such an organization as the International Order of Twelve, of Knights and Daughters of Tabor. It was he who drew up the general laws, regulations, ceremony and drill of the society, and it was Father Dickson who traveled from State to State and made the society what it is through his untiring efforts.

The society was organized by Father Dickson at Independence, Mo., August 12, 1872. A short time afterwards a tabernacle was formed at Kansas City, Mo., and later at Lexington, Mo. When five organizations of the order had been formed Father Dickson called a convention and organized the National Grand Temple and Tabernacle of the Order of Twelve of Knights and Daughters of Tabor.

Efficient lieutenants were selected by the organizer to assist him in his big undertaking. The heads of the order met with strong opposition at every hand, but the society grew rapidly, and now ranks with the largest secret orders in the world from the standpoint of numerical strength.

For several years it was the custom of the order to assess each member ten cents per annum, which was collected and given to the head and founder of the organization. While the fund usually amounted to several thousand dollars, Father Dickson's main desire to see his order thrive, compelled him to use the greater portion of the funds for the society's use.

While the International Order of Twelve, of Knights and Daughters of Tabor, was organized in 1872, it was, in fact, the growth of a secret order known as the Order of Twelve, which was also founded by Father Dickson. The Order of Twelve was organized by Father Dickson at Galena, Ill., in 1858, to perpetuate the memory of the twelve organizers of the Knights of Liberty, of which the deceased was one. Father Dickson was the last of the twelve.

The prominent part taken by Father Dickson in assisting in forming secret organizations during slavery, to assist in liberating the slaves, deserves mention. On the second Tuesday in August, 1846, Father Dickson, by previous agreement, met twelve friends at an old brick house on Green (now Lucas avenue) and Seventh streets, St. Louis, Mo.

They secretly planned ways and means of obtaining liberty for the bondsmen. Father Dickson read his plans and they were accepted. Organizations were perfected in all the slave States except Missouri and Texas. Only reliable and fearless men were enrolled. The name of the secret organization was the Knights of Liberty, and Father Dickson was selected chief. He was to remain in the North and within ten years begin a fight to the death for freedom. A part of the organization's oath was: "I can die, but I can't reveal the name of any member until the slaves are free."

The twelve men who met in the old brick house in St. Louis went to work with such avidity that in 1856 the secret organization numbered forty-seven thousand two hundred and forty determined men.

In 1857 Father Dickson was about to give his men the command to march forward, but he then saw that war between the North and South was inevitable, and bade his men wait.

When John Brown struck the blow for freedom at Harper's Ferry on October 16, 1859, he had been implored some time previous by Father Dickson to defer making the move, as such a step at that time was considered by him to be out of place.

The Rebellion begun, and the Knights of Liberty, under the leadership of Father Dickson, entered the Union Army as cooks, teamsters and officers' servants. An order was given them to do their best fighting on the battlefield.

President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for colored volunteers, brought to the ranks of the Federal army one hundred and forty-seven thousand well drilled men, all members of the Knights of Liberty.

At the close of the war a roll call of the order was made. Several answered. Father Dickson was among the number. It was several years later that Father Dickson organized the Order of Twelve in memory of the founders of the Knights of Liberty.

Another piece of daring in which Father Dickson was one of the original promoters was the building of the underground railroad. It was in 1850 that he became interested in the plan to construct an underground railroad in order to carry out, in a more general manner the work of the Knights of Liberty. Arrangements were made so that the slaves could be taken from any of the slave States and landed in Canada or in any of the Free States. Over seventy thousand slaves, according to Father Dickson, were given their freedom in this manner.

Father Dickson from time to time published several books on secret society work. He was also a member of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and was known as an eloquent pulpit orator.

The International Order of Twelve, of Knights and Daughters of Tabor, was not the only secret society to which Father Dickson belonged. He was a member of the Colored Masonic Order of Missouri—a thirty-third degree Mason. He was the only Negro representative of the Grand Orient of France in the United States.

In giving an account of the deceased's active life during the days after he had attained his majority, his life's history would not be completely told were not his birthplace and an

account of his early life given. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 5, 1824. His parents were natives of Virginia. While learning the barber trade he attended school and showed more than ordinary ability as a scholar. At the age of sixteen years he decided to go to the South, and it was in his travels in that section that he first saw slavery with all its horrors. He at once began formulating schemes to free his people.

For many years the deceased made St. Louis, Mo., his home. His death on Thanksgiving of last year was the sequel to an illness of several weeks' duration, brought on by typhoid fever. He died at his old home, 2651 Pine street.

Although Father Dickson died on Thanksgiving Day, his remains were not buried until December 7, nine days later. This delay was found necessary in order to allow representatives of the order from all parts of the country

to be present. Up to the time of the interment the body lay in state at the Dickson residence and was viewed by thousands of both whites and blacks.

The Masonic order took charge of the remains on December 6, and midnight services were held over the body.

On the morning of December 7, the International Order of Twelve, of Knights and Daughters of Tabor, took the remains in custody, and the funeral services were held at St. Paul's A. M. E. Church, the largest Negro church in St. Louis. Representatives of the order were in attendance from Boston, Mass., Mississippi, New York and as far West as Colorado. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in St. Louis, and thousands who were not members of the order paid their last tribute to the departed International Chief Grand Mentor of the International Order of Twelve, Daughters and Knights of Tabor.

THE LEGEND OF THE VIOLET.

FREDERIC S. MONROE.

Close by the edge of the shady stream,
A dewdrop chanced to stray,
Like a pure white pearl, a crystal sphere,
It glistened and shown and knew no fear,
In the light of early day.

The whisp'ring leaves told a bright sunbeam
Of the dewdrop lingering there,
And the pearl white sphere with love he kissed,
Till the crystal flamed like an amethyst,
Then melted away in air.

As the dewdrop fades a flower blooms,
Daintily sweet and fair;
And its heart of gold and petals blue,
Told that the light of heaven shone
The flower blooming there.

Modest and sweet, it never assumes
A claim to our love, and yet
We know the heart will ever be true,
To the flower which takes from heaven its hue,
The shy, sweet violet.

THE NEGRO ELEMENT IN AMERICAN LIFE.

REV. A. L. DEMOND, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

This nation has given to the world two great patriotic, wise and humane state papers—the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation. Both were born in days of doubt and darkness. Both were the outcome of injustice overleaping the bounds of right and reason. The one was essential to the fulfilling of the other. Without the Declaration of Independence the nation could not have been born; without the Emancipation Proclamation it could not have lived. Grand as was the Declaration of Independence, lofty as were its sentiments and sweeping as were its statements, it was unsatisfactory, its very wording a battle ground of controversy, until the Emancipation Proclamation put the Temple of Freedom on the foundation that the fathers had laid. They had declared that all men were created free and equal. But it took eighty-seven years for this nation to learn the great truth that all men are not white men, and that the mantle of American manhood must be broad enough to cover all who stand beneath the stars and stripes. When this lesson had been learned the nation was ready for the Emancipation Proclamation; ready for a new era of freedom, peace and prosperity such as it had never known before.

Who can express the joy which this proclamation brought to the individuals to whom freedom came as a second birth? Yet it meant more to the nation than to any individual. Who can enumerate the boundless and numberless blessings that it showered upon a race long held in bondage? Yet it meant more to the whole country than to any one race. In celebrating this event, which shall ever remain great in the annals of our race and great in the history of this nation, and greater still

as a landmark along the pathway of human life and thought and action by which man shall reach his highest development and the eternal principles of justice, freedom and liberty shall be, in fact, and not in fancy, the common heritage of all; we are not narrow, selfish or clannish, but demonstrating our patriotic, loyal American spirit, that acknowledges and honors every noble act and exalted ideal of the nation. We are pre-eminently Americans in all that we do today.

We honor the flag. Standing beneath its folds we declare our loyalty to be as deep as its azure blue, and our devotion as true as its stars of white. It stands for that independence for which our forefathers fought at Bunker Hill, Concord Bridge and Lexington. That is the starry emblem of a nation's hope, beneath which brave black men mingled their precious life blood with the waters of Lake Erie and Lake Champlain, in defence of American seamen and American honor. That is the flag for which our fathers and brothers fought and died; those are the stars and stripes which they followed to freedom and to glory and for which they laid upon the altar of this nation the sacred sacrifice of life. That is the flag that Negroes carried up San Juan Hill and which they now unfurl with victory in the Philippines.

Today, we recall the deeds and words of statesmen, heroes, orators and legislators, and remember that we are just heirs of the best that this nation has ever won by valor on the battle field, achieved in legislative halls or proclaimed from the public platform.

We honor our heroes, both living and dead. Douglass, the peerless prince of the platform. Langston, the silver tongued orator; Bruce, the renowned statesman; Williams, the historian;

Garnett, Crummel and Payne, eloquent champions of righteousness and the rights of their race, have, with a multitude of others, passed over to the silent majority. They sleep in graves over which the shining marble may well tell of their valor, their virtues and their victories.

May that day never dawn when the American Negro shall have become so devoid of race pride, so ignorant of the history of his people, so lost to the bonds of blood that bind men together, that he shall cease to pay tribute to the men of his own race who laid their gifts upon the altar of sacrifice for the saving of their people. We should but illy observe an occasion like this did we fail to give honor to all that have helped to bring about the blessings that we now enjoy. All honor to our noble dead, whether exalted or humble, whether they died praying for freedom, or amid the effulgence of its glorious light. We thank God for living leaders—men that have struggled up from the depth—men that in the face of prejudice have won for themselves a place—men that amid darkness have held aloft a light. Lyons in the political arena, Washington as an educator, Arnett in the ecclesiastical robes of the church, Scarborough in scholarship, Tanner in art, Dunbar in literature, Major Young in the army, Straker in law and Williams in medicine, are the representatives of the many lines along which we have living leaders, of whom we should feel proud. Let us not fail to honor the men and women of the race who are living for the race, and by their lives ennobling its name, keeping its honor unsullied and increasing its power and progress.

Let us consider the Negro element in American life. The world may well ask what the Negro has to say of himself and for himself after two hundred and eighty years' residence on American soil. And the Negro, standing on the threshold of the Twentieth Century, owes it to himself to say a word as to the part he has played in American history.

There has never been a time since

this nation was founded, so terrible in its oppression, so awful in its conditions, so cruel in its prejudices, but that Negro manhood, genius or bravery has been able to assert itself. It may have been Crispus Attucks with a praiseworthy spirit of patriotism that made him the leader of the little band that defied the armed forces of Great Britain. It may have been Phillis Wheatly of New England, or George Horton of North Carolina, putting into rhythmic lines the sweet songs and poetic conceptions that thrilled their own souls and charmed others. It may have been Benjamin Bannaker of Maryland, a mathematical genius, studying the heavens and publishing the first almanac in America. It may have been Sergeant Carney, amid shot and shell, carrying the banner of the free up to the bloody parapet of Fort Wagner, and with the crimson current streaming from his gaping wounds, saying, "I did but do my duty, boys, and the dear old flag never once touched the ground." Or the Ninth Cavalry climbing the bullet showered hills of Cuba and planting the stars and stripes where they had never floated before. In every hour of test the Negro has exhibited those qualities which the world needs and must recognize. The past history of the Negro in this country has shown that he possessed elements of strength and power which, regardless of all that might be brought to bear against him, cannot be crushed, killed or conquered. And if our presence in this country up to the present time has done nothing more than to demonstrate that the race has will power, genius, talent and industry, we should be thankful and our friends may well rejoice with us.

The Negro has both directly and indirectly been an influential element in American life. He has been the object of love and hatred. For him laws have been enacted and repealed. Over his status in the body politic the most noted debates and controversies have been waged and political parties have been organized. Their position on the Negro question was sought to be made

the password of states into the Union. The sentiment for or against slavery divided this country into two sections, the one hostile to the other, each contending for the mastery. The Negro became the political platform upon which aspiring statesmen stood or fell. Congress has spent months with the problem; legislatures have devoted their time to it; constitutional conventions have found it the most weighty question for their consideration; the churches have all had it, and the Negro has split the Presbyterian church and divided and sub-divided the Methodist church. There is not a denomination in the United States that has not been affected by the presence of this element. No other theme has been so productive of discussion on the lecture platform, through the press, on the rostrum and in the pulpit. During the heyday of the New England Lyceum no subject was more popular than that of the Negro. It developed the greatest orators that America has ever known. Here it was that Garrison, Phillips, Beecher, Lincoln, Douglass and Sumner shone as stars whose glory cannot grow dim. Authorship took up the Negro and the beloved name of Harriet Beecher Stowe finds undying fame as it is linked with a plea for his freedom. The scientists got after the Negro, and Phrenology, Ethnology and Psychology tried his case. The doctors of divinity sat in judgment over him, seeking to determine whether he had a soul or not. The poets of America were not unmindful of his presence, and Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell plead for him in happy measures. It was Longfellow who said:

"There is a poor blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand and
Shake the pillars of this commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

Society has had to consider the Negro and set the metes and bounds over which he should not pass. Every labor organization, from the Scavengers' Club to the American Railway Union, has given him attention. The stage has had the Negro by presence and proxy for "lo these many years," from Ira Aldridge and Black Patti down to the latest popular artists and song writers, like Davis, whose songs are sung from ocean to ocean. The sporting world has developed Negroes whose names are universally familiar. The Masonic, Odd Fellow, Pythian and other fraternities have admitted the brother in black. The Negro has through these years had all kinds of treatment from all kinds of men in all parts of the country, and yet the Sphinx of Egypt looking with steadfast gaze out across the sands of the desert is not more emblematic of patience than that forbearance with which the American Negro has bided his time.

The world has never seen a more eloquent pathetic picture than that of the Northern soldier confiding the safety and security of his life to the guidance of the black man, and at the same time the Southern soldier depending on him for the protection of his loved ones at home. The Negro seemed to be the bone of contention and the bond of union. He who had arrayed the one against the other had also won the confidence of both. And today when men of the North would crown with honor the brow of the Negro for his devotion to the Union, the South will just as gladly crown him with laurels of gratitude for his loyalty to their loved ones in their dark hours of danger.

The early history of this nation found three distinct elements entering into its life. These were the Cavalier, the Puritan and the Negro. Each of these was characterized by qualities peculiarly its own. Each had an identity which it has preserved through all the changing scenes of American history. They have met and mingled together, labored together, prayed to the same

God, spoken the same language, followed the same flag, and in death have not been divided; yet through all have continued to be three distinct elements in the nation. All the history of this Republic centers about these three characteristic contribution. Each has had its influence in moulding and shaping public opinion and sentiment.

The Puritan's story does not need to be told. He has told it himself. In poetry and prose, in music and song and art he has enshrined the memorial of his brilliant deeds. ..

The Cavalier's record does not need to be reviewed. He has kept it with wonderful accuracy. With eloquence and oratory, in books that he has written and monuments that he has erected the Cavalier has told his story with force and fullness.

The Negro's story must also be told, for the history of the nation will not be complete without it. Humble as may have been his offering at times, and, though given in tears and blood, it has entered into the structure of this fair Republic of the Western World.

"The coral insect but an atom gave
To help uprear the pile he ne'er could
see;
But now it towers above the topmost
wave,
He has a part in mansions yet to be."

The Negro has a part in the history of this country of which he need not be ashamed. Let it be told for his own vindication. Let it be told as an answer to those who would slander the race. Let it be told for the encouragement of the rising generation. Let it be told for the sake of truth and eternal justice.

The Negro element in American life made its first appearance at Jamestown in the year 1619. The colony of Virginia, in its early days, was composed of gentlemen adventurers. They were unused to labor, and would rather starve than stain their hands with honest toil. The feeble colony vacillated between life and death, knowing neither permanence nor prosperity until

the arrival of the Negro. His strong iron arm of labor gave to that colony what at that time it most needed. Julian Hawthorne, in writing of the condition of the colony of Virginia previous to the coming of the Negro, says: "Jamestown but narrowly escaped extinction. The colonists relapsed into idleness and improvidence. They ate up all the food that had been laid up for them. Squads of hungry men began to wander about the country. Everything that could be used as food was eaten; at length cannibalism was begun; the starved corpses of the settlers were devoured; others seized a vessel and became pirates. Out of five hundred persons only sixty survived. How then is the early prosperity of Virginia to be explained. It was due to the presence of the Negro as a laborer.

Many a Southern statesman looks back to the days of his infancy and helplessness and remembers how, in the strong arms of a black woman, he was carried and cared for; so, Virginia, first of all States among her Southern sisters, bearing on her bosom the first permanent English settlement in America, Virginia, the Old Dominion and the mother of Presidents, looks back through the years to the time of her infancy and weakness, to find them made strong by the patient plodding toil of the Negro.

A few years ago a monument was erected in Virginia in memory of ex-slaves; and, indeed, to whom could that commonwealth more fittingly give honor than to those so closely linked with her material progress. Not long since a black man stood up in the halls of Congress as the representative of the State of Virginia; yet who could more appropriately stand for her than a member of that race that has been identified with all the prosperity that she has ever had. What was true of Virginia was, to a greater or less extent, true of all the other Southern States. Not only was the labor of this element needed, but it was found to be exceedingly valuable. It soon became the laboring class. It found its way into

all the States. Slavery became an institution. The fact was soon demonstrated that the slave class could produce enough by their labor to support themselves and the master class and leave a large margin of profit over. They supported a class of men who, having time to give to politics and public matters, soon gained prominence in the nation. Cotton became king, on a throne sustained by black men. Slave labor enabled the white people of the South to educate their youth abroad or maintain private schools at home. Wealth was piled up as a result of the labor of the Negro race. The race became a source of revenue and all the States profited by it. The forests were cleared away, cities were built, and beautiful homes were reared where before had been wilderness. Men left the narrow strip of land bordering on the Atlantic and formed new States and plowed new lands. Yet in it all the Negro had a part for his work's sake. Though he was a silent factor, he was a factor still, that can not be eliminated from the history of that time. He does the race an injustice who fails to recognize what it has contributed in toil for the upbuilding of this nation. The Negro's labor has been a mine of wealth to this country. Millions of dollars' worth of productive force slumber in his brawny arms. He treads the furrowed field. He tends the cotton till it blossoms into whiteness and the corn till it yields its golden fruit. His strong arms and willing hands wrest from the fastnesses of the mountains their hoarded treasures. His toil and his labor made possible the wealth which has built the cities, and school houses which today dot the hillsides and adorn the valleys of the South. It is the proud boast of the American people that they honor labor; that the toil scarred hands and weather stained garments of the workman are worthy a tribute of homage. Who in all these years has labored more faithfully than the Negro? Who has worked longer hours? Who has endured so well the malaria lurking rice swamp and the fierce rays of a

Southern sun? Whose labor has contributed so little to his own selfish interests and so largely to the general welfare? Who has done so much to make others rich while he remained poor; to make others happy while he continued miserable? Labor has made this country what it is. Labor has laid its lines of shining steel. Labor has tunneled its mountains, bridged its rivers, beautified its waste places, and if today we can say in the language of our own Negro poet, Dunbar:

"The deer haunts that with game were
crowded then,
Today are tilled and cultivated
lands;
The school house towers where Bruin
had his den,
And where the wigwam stood the
chapel stands;
The place that nurtured men of savage
mein
Now teems with men of nature's no-
blest types;
Where moved the forest foliage ban-
ner green
Now flutters in the breeze the stars
and stripes."

It is because America owes a debt to Negro labor.

Years ago, says the N. Y. Tribune, when the bronze castings for the statue of liberty on the Capitol at Washington were being completed at the foundry of Mr. Mills, near Bladensburg, his foreman, who was receiving eight dollars per day, struck and demanded ten, assuring Mr. Mills that the advance must be granted him as nobody in America, except himself, could complete the work. Mr. Mills felt that the demand was exorbitant and appealed in his dilemma to the slaves who were assisting in the moulding. "I can do that well," said one of them, an intelligent and ingenious servant who had been intimately engaged in the various processes. The striker was dismissed, the Negro took his place, and the work went on. The black master builder lifted the ponderous, uncouth masses and bolted them together, joint by

joint, piece by piece, till they blended into the majestic "Freedom," which today lifts her head in the blue clouds above Washington invoking a benediction upon the Republic. Was there a prophecy in that moment when the slave became the artist and with rare poetic genius reconstructed the beautiful symbol of freedom for America? Did it mean nothing that again in the hour of need the black hand was stretched forth to help?

For many years there was but little thought given to the increasing numbers of the Negro element. Slavery had not prospered in the Northern States, and hence the majority of colored people were found in the South. But there was steady growth until there were not only hundreds but thousands and millions. Cosmopolitan as is the make-up of this nation, perhaps no other element has become so widely distributed. The Negro has gone everywhere. On the bleak hillsides of New England, through the middle States, in far away Texas, on the Pacific slope and by the Rocky Mountains—there is not a State or territory without its Negro population. Even on the Youkon, in Alaska, the Negro has been found hunting gold in the Klondike, and amid the ice and snow of arctic seas he has been seen in search of the North Pole. The year 1800 found the United States with a Negro population of 1,000,000, a little less than the present total population of the State of Alabama. In 1830 it had increased to 2,300,000, equal to the present total population of the State of Massachusetts. In 1850 it had grown to 3,600,000, equal to the present population of the city of Greater New York. By 1860 the Negro population had reached 4,400,000, equal to the population of the State of Pennsylvania in 1880. In the year 1880 it was 6,000,000, equal to the total population of the State of New York. In 1890 it was 7,000,000, a number greater than the total population of any one State in the Union. Present estimates give the race at 10,000,000, or one-seventh of the entire population of the country. The number of Negroes in the United

States today is as great as the whole population less than three-quarters of a century ago. The colored population of Montgomery is three times as great as that of the entire city of Chicago in 1840. Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina contain more Negroes than Caucasians. These ten millions mean 1,426,204 men of military age that the government may call into service in time of war. It means a voting population of 1,740,455 men. It means 2,000,000 children of school age. It means that there is not another nation of the size or importance of this in which Negroes constitute so large a part of the population. It means that in this great, powerful and wealthy nation the Negro forms a numerical element that cannot be ignored.

Ten millions to weave their destiny into the warp and woof of the Twentieth Century. Ten millions to help make this Republic the ideal of nations. Ten millions to plead for justice from their fellowmen and at the bar of Almighty God. Ten millions to demand that crime and immorality and outrage and mob murder and lynch law shall be banished from the land. Ten millions to win for their race a larger place in the consideration of mankind. Ten millions to grasp and use all the inventions that genius has given to the world. Ten millions to keep step with the onward march of civilization. O, thou, ten millions, God has not linked thy life with that of this nation for naught. He has not led thee to the threshold of a new century, millions strong, to blindly grope about its walls; but that you may quit you like men.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men,

Sleeping but never dead,
Shall rise to meet thine own.

And thou, America, deal justly with these ten millions, for there is a judgment day for nations as well as for individuals.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But it grinds exceedingly small.
It grinds with wondrous patience,
But at last it grindeth all."

If America shall ever lose her proud place among the nations of the earth, if the wail of despair shall ever rise above the ruin of her desolation, it will be because she has failed to be just. Right and not might give permanence to institutions and nations.

The patriotism of the Negro element in American life has won the admiration of the world. Never has the nation been in peril but that a black hand has been reached forth to save it. Israel Titus and Samuel Jenkins represented the Negro race fighting under Braddock and Washington in the French and Indian war. The Revolutionary war opened with a Negro the first to shed his blood in defence of American liberty and independence. In a letter that Crispus Attucks wrote to Thomas Hutchinson, the Tory Governor of Massachusetts, he closed by saying: "You will hear further from us hereafter." And though the brave and loyal heart of Attucks soon ceased to beat, Negro patriots and heroes were heard from during all those years of bloody war. Peter Salem became the hero of the battle of Bunker Hill. Henry Wilson says: "Some of the most heroic deeds of the war of Independence were performed by black men." A colored regiment saved the day at the battle of Rhode Island. Says the historian: "Three times in succession they were attacked with most desperate valor and fury by well disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, thus saving the army from capture." If the colored soldiers had given way or been unfaithful all would have been lost. In that critical hour of trust and trial the Negro was found faithful and true. In the war of 1812 Negroes did valiant service for this country. Gen. Andrew Jackson issued a proclamation to the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana in which he said: "Sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings." History records how grandly they responded. It was in a naval battle of this war that a brave black hero falling fatally wound-

ed, cried out to his shipmates, "Fire away, boys, but never haul the colors down."

In the civil war he donned the union blue and marching beneath the flag of freedom, rallied two hundred thousand strong. Vicksburg, Petersburg, Miliken's Bend and the blood-stained heights of Fort Wagner, where the famous Fifty-fourth Massachusetts won immortal glory, speak eloquent words for the Negro as a brave, undaunted, courageous man, and a patriotic element in the nation. When some one censured President Grant for appointing colored men to positions of great trust and responsibility, saying, "They have never been tried," he answered, "Sir, I tried them under the guns at Petersburg." Only a few years ago a foreign foe was at our door, threatening the peace and assailing the honor of this nation. In that hour, who sprang more eagerly to the rescue, fought more bravely or died more willingly than men of our race? When Spain's army had been defeated, her navy sunk and she was forced to bid farewell to possessions in the western world, the Negro had played his part and played it well.

The Negro has formed a religious element in American life that has not been without its weight and influence. During the civil war a slave was heard to say to his master: "Master, de Yankee's going to catch it today." The master asked his reason and he replied: "'Cause Tom prayed four times last night." Through all the years the Negro has stood for a faith in God that never faltered. Even in the cruel days of slavery our fathers and mothers took hold of the word of God. It taught them how to live and how to die. It taught them that old time religion that is good enough for me. It put hope in their hearts and they used to sing: "You can hinder me here, but you cannot there, way in the kingdom."

God sits in Heaven and He answers prayer, way in the kingdom." They prayed in those dark days—prayed for light and liberty. And I believe that freedom when it came, though it was

after long years of waiting, though it came amid the roar of battle and the clash of arms, when, as was said, "Every drop of blood drawn with the lash should be paid by another drawn by the sword," was an answer to the fervent, pious prayers of our forefathers as from log cabin, cane brake, cotton patch and rice swamp they sent petitions up to the throne of grace and the ear of God, for the freedom we enjoy today. We should thank those dear old toil-worn, whipped-scarred saints long since gathered home to glory.

The time will come when the historian looking for a bright example of unflinching faith, looking for a people that amid suffering, sorrow, persecution, poverty and oppression have still kept the treasure of their trust in God, will point to the Negro of America. When the government has failed to protect him, when the church itself has been poisoned with the spirit of caste, when murder reigned and riot ruled, he has still trusted in the God of Heaven. This their faith has made the Negroes of this country a mighty host to whom despair is an unknown word. The escape of this country from servile insurrection in the days of slavery, from bloody race conflicts in these later years, from the wild ungovernable spirit of revenge which injustice engenders, has been due largely to the Christian spirit of our people that confides in an over-ruling Providence. It is worth something for a nation to have such a religious element. They constitute a body of people helping to make this a Christian nation,—helping to make true the motto on every silver dollar, "In God We Trust." Over 3,000,000 members of the race belong to Christian churches. Of this number 1,600,000 belong to the Baptist denomination, with a church property valued at \$10,000,000, and 32 religious periodicals. Over 1,000,000 Negroes are members of the different Methodist denominations, with school and church property valued at \$15,000,000. Negroes are to be found following every faith in this country except the Mormon. In the Presbyterian, Congrega-

tional, Episcopalian, Lutheran and Catholic churches, the Negro has already made his numbers known and his importance felt. We have built our churches from Boston to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans, from the swamps of Georgia to the mountains of Maine, from the valley of the Mississippi to the plains of Texas, until the church property of our race today is valued at \$37,000,000. Let no man despise a race that comes from the washtub and cotton patch, the kitchen and the corn field, to build houses of worship until from every point of the compass in a great land like ours, their towers point toward Heaven and inspire faith. If there ever was a people that followed to the letter the words, "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness," it is the Negro race. There are three things that above all others the Negro has worked and prayed and hoped for, his church, his school and his home. For these the race has toiled and made sacrifice. There is hope for a race that builds with sacred faith around the church, the school and the home. There is hope for a race that clings to the dear old Bible—a race that prays.

The Negro has been a progressive element in American life. Our forefathers did not come to this country with flying banners. They did not come as adventurers. They did not come as conquerors. They were thrown upon the shores of the new world as the hopeless, helpless victims of force and injustice. Harder than the rocks of New England to the feet of the Puritan was the path that the Negro must tread from slavery to citizenship, from poverty to power, from ignorance to knowledge. Under more unfavorable circumstances, with more enemies and fewer friends, with less to give him hope, and more to discourage him than any other race on the continent, the Negro has steadily been making progress.

The race now pays taxes on \$600,000,000 worth of property, owns 130,000 farms, 150,000 homes, and has

raised \$10,000,000 for its own education. Two Negroes have been U. S. Senators and two have written their names upon the currency of the nation. A Negro has been governor of one of the states of this Union, and twenty have been members of Congress. The legislatures of all the Southern States have had Negro members, and also the Northern States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. Albany, N. Y., Charlestown, Mass., and Detroit, Mich., have had Negro judges. The legislature of California has had a Negro chaplain, the District of Columbia a Negro United States marshal, the legislature of North Carolina has adjourned in respect to the memory of a Negro and placed the flag of the capitol at half mast. Negroes have been or are now collectors at the ports at Willington, N. C., Bedford, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Jacksonville, Fla., and Galveston, Tex. A colored man has presided over the deliberations of the U. S. Senate, performing the duties of Vice President of the United States. Our young men have graduated with honor from Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, Brown, Oberlin, West Point and many other famous institutions of learning in this country. We have 30,000 school teachers, 500 physicians, 250 lawyers, 3 banks, 300 authors, 400 editors and so many preachers that no one has tried to count them. The foes of a republic are its non-progressive elements. Those that make no progress and desire to make none are the dangerous classes but the Negro cannot be numbered with them. Every page of his history is stamped with progress. His enemies seem uneasy lest he shall make too much progress. We constitute a progressive element in the life of this nation.

What better qualification could the nation make for its citizenship than that it should be industrious, great in numbers, patriotic in spirit, religious and progressive, all of which the Negro has demonstrated. He is an American not by the mere accident of birth but by measuring up to requirements

of American citizenship and becoming an element of the national life, glorious in war and great in peace. The hope for our race in this country lies in our being the best men and the best Americans possible. And as one has truly said: "Remember that the man who acts best his part, who loves his friends the best, who is most willing to help others, truest to his obligations, who has the best heart, the most feeling, the deepest sympathies, and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself is the best man."

I am not unmindful of the fact that it has become popular in these days to talk of going to Africa, to claim for the Negro only a lowly position, and hence only industrial education, and that the Negro should eliminate himself from political life. But those who claim these things forget that the Negro is an American, and not an African; forget that the Negro is progressive and does not confine himself to any one sphere of life, and hence needs all the education that may be necessary for him to reach different spheres of life, and fill them when reached; they forget that a voluntary failure to participate in the public affairs of his community, his State or his nation is unbecoming an American citizen.

When other men shall have proved false to the faith of the fathers, when others have forgotten public good for private purse, when others have forsaken the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, and let the old flag trail in the dust, may the Negro still be found true to all that is noblest and best in American life. Identified with all the interests of the nation, weaving our destiny with hers, rising as she rises or falling as she falls, let us go forward to meet the future with a brave heart. The men who rise are the men who cannot be kept down. The men who win victories, those who cannot be defeated. The men who succeed are the men determined not to fail.

As the old ship of State sails out into the ocean of the 20th century, the Negro is on board, and he can say:

"Sail on, sail on, O ship of State,
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great;
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all the hope of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
 We know what master laid thy keel,
 What workman wrought thy ribs of
 steel;
 Who made each mast, and sail and
 rope;
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of a sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 In spite of rock and tempests roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
 Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
 tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
 Are all with thee, are all with thee."

FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE.

V. LITERARY WORKERS (Concluded).

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

In presenting to our readers a short sketch of the labors of Frances Ellen Watkins Harper we feel more than glad of an opportunity to add our mead of praise to the just encomiums of many other writers for the noble deeds of an eminent Christian woman. We need give but the simple facts of the many acts that composed her life work, but these speak in trumpet tones, louder than extravagant praise or fulsome compliment.

Mrs. Harper was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1825; freeborn she yet partook of the cup of woe under the oppressive influence which was the heritage of bond and free alike under slave laws. She was an only child and was left an orphan at the tender age of three years. Happily an aunt took

charge of her, and until she was thirteen she was sent to a private school for free colored children in Baltimore kept by an uncle, the Rev. William Watkins. At the conclusion of this period the little girl was deemed fit for labor and was put out to work in order that she might earn her own living. She endured many trials, but in the midst of the most trying ordeals preserved her desire for knowledge. She possessed a remarkable talent for composition, and when but fourteen wrote an article which attracted the attention of the lady for whom she was working. To the honor of this woman be it said that she appreciated the girl's extraordinary talent, and while she was zealously taught sewing, housework and the care of children, books were

furnished her and many leisure hours were permitted her in which she was able to indulge her longing for intellectual food.

At eighteen the young girl published her first volume, called "Forest Leaves." Some of her productions were also published in the newspapers, attracting much attention.

In 1851 she left Baltimore and resided a short time in Ohio, where she was engaged in teaching. Becoming dissatisfied with her surroundings, she removed to Little York, Penn., and engaged in teaching again. While there she saw much of the underground railroad and her mind became imbued with the desire to help her people in some way. About this time Maryland enacted a law forbidding free people of color from the North from coming into the State on pain of being imprisoned and sold into slavery. A free man violated this law and was sold to Georgia; he escaped, was discovered and remanded to slavery. He died soon after from the effects of exposure and suffering. In a letter to a friend, referring to this outrage, Mrs. Harper wrote: "Upon that grave I pledged myself to the Anti-Slavery cause." In another letter she wrote: "It may be that God himself has written upon both my heart and brain a commission to use time, talent and energy in the cause of freedom." In this faith she began the study of Anti-Slavery methods and documents, finally visiting Boston, where she was received with great kindness by the Anti-Slavery people. From there she proceeded to New Bedford, where she addressed a public meeting on the "Education and Elevation of the Colored Race." The following month she was engaged by the State Anti-Slavery Society of Maine, with what success is shown from one of her letters:

"Bucksport Centre,

"Sept. 28, 1854.

"The agent of the State Anti-Slavery Society travels with me, and she is a pleasant, sweet lady. I do like her so. We eat together, sleep together. (She is a white woman.) In

fact, I have not been in one colored person's house since I left Massachusetts; but I have a pleasant time. My life reminds me of a beautiful dream. What a difference between this and York! I have lectured three times this week. I have met with some of the kindest treatment I have ever received."

Her ability and labors were everywhere appreciated, and her meetings largely attended. She breakfasted with the Governor of Maine.

For a year and a half she continued speaking in the Eastern States with marked success; the papers commending her efforts highly. The following extract is from the Portland Daily Press respecting a lecture delivered after the war:

"She spoke for nearly an hour and a half, her subject being 'The Mission of the War, and the Demands of the Colored Race in the Work of Reconstruction.' Mrs. Harper has a splendid articulation, uses chaste, pure language, has a pleasant voice, and allows no one to tire of hearing her. We shall attempt no abstract of her address; none that we could make would do her justice. It was one of which any lecturer might feel proud, and her reception by a Portland audience was all that could be desired. We have seen no praises of her that were overdrawn. We have heard Miss Dickinson, and do not hesitate to award the palm to her darker colored sister."

In 1856, desiring to see the fugitives in Canada, she visited the Upper Province. While in Toronto she lectured, where she was well received and listened to with great interest. We give an extract from a letter unfolding her mind and showing her impressions of the land where her race found a refuge:

"Well, I have gazed for the first time upon Free Land, and, would you believe it, tears sprang to my eyes, and I wept. Oh, it was a glorious sight to gaze for the first time on a land where a poor slave flying from our glorious land of liberty would in a moment find his fetters broken, his shackles loosed, and whatever he was in the land of

Washington, beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument or even Plymouth Rock, 'here he becomes a man and a brother.' I have gazed on Harper's Ferry, or rather the rock at the Ferry; I have seen it towering up in simple grandeur, with the gentle Potomac gliding peacefully at its feet, and felt that it was God's masonry, and my soul had expanded in gazing on its sublimity. I have seen the ocean singing its wild chorus of sounding waves, and ecstasy has thrilled upon the living chords of my heart. I have since then seen the rainbow crowned Niagara chanting the choral hymn of Omnipotence, girdled with grandeur and robed with glory; but none of these things have melted me as the first sight of Free Land. Towering mountains lifting their hoary summits to catch the first faint flush of day when the sunbeams kiss the shadows from morning's drowsy face may expand and exalt your soul. The first view of the ocean may fill you with strange delight. Niagara—the great, the glorious Niagara—may hush your spirit with its ceaseless thunder; it may charm you with its robe of crested spray and rainbow crown; but the Land of Freedom was a lesson of deeper significance than foaming waves or towering mounts."

Mrs. Harper was not contented to make speeches and receive plaudits, but was ready to do the rough work, and gave freely of all the moneys that her literary labors brought her. Indeed, it was often found necessary to restrain her open hand and to counsel her to be more careful of her hard-earned income.

When the John Brown episode was agitating the nation, no one was more deeply affected than Mrs. Harper. To John Brown's wife she sent a letter saying: "May God, our God, sustain you in the hour of trial. If there is one thing on earth I can do for you or yours, let me be apprized. I am at your service."

Not forgetting Brown's comrades, then in prison under sentence of death, true to the impulses of her generous

heart, she wrote to their relations offering financial aid—sending clothing and money. "Spare no expense," she says, "to make their last hours as bright as possible. Now, my friend, fulfil this to the letter. Oh, is it not a privilege, if you are sisterless and lonely, to be a sister to the human race and to place your heart where it may throb close to down-trodden humanity?" In the fall of 1860, in Cincinnati, O., Mrs. Harper married Fenton Harper, a widower. She then retired to a small farm bought from the accumulated sales of her books, etc., and for a time was absorbed by the cares of married life. Mr. Harper died May 23, 1864.

After this event Mrs. Harper again appeared as an advocate for her race. She had battled for freedom under slavery and through the war. She now began laboring as earnestly for equality before the law—education, and a higher manhood, especially in the South.

She traveled for several years, extensively through Southern cities, visiting the plantations and lowly cabin homes, addressing schools, churches, meetings in Court Houses and Legislative Halls, under most trying conditions.

Her private lectures to freedwomen are particularly worthy of notice. Desiring to speak to women, along the objects of wrong and abuse under slavery, and whom emancipation found in deepest ignorance, Mrs. Harper made it her business to talk to them of their morals and general improvement, giving them the wisest counsel in her possession. For all this work she made no charge, working and preaching as did the Master—for the love of humanity.

After her labors in the South ceased, Mrs. Harper returned to Philadelphia and began active work in the Sabbath schools. Her work in the temperance field must also be noticed.

Mrs. Harper has always read the best magazines and ablest weeklies published; she is familiar with the best authors, including De Socqueville, Mill, Ruskin, Buckle, Guizot, etc.

Before the learned and unlearned Mrs. Harper has spoken in behalf of her race; during seventeen years of public speaking she has never once been other than successful in delivering thousands of speeches. By personal effort alone she has removed mountains of prejudice. At least we may be allowed to hope that the rising generation will be encouraged by her example to renewed courage in surmounting prejudice and racial difficulties. Fifty thousand copies of her four books have been sold. They have been used to entertain and delight hundreds of audiences.

Grace Greenwood, in noticing a course of lectures in which Mrs. Harper spoke, pays her this tribute:

"Next on the course was Mrs. Harper, a colored woman; about as colored as some of the Cuban belles I have met at Saratoga. She has a noble head, this bronze muse; a strong face, with a shadowed glow upon it, indicative of thoughtful fervor, and of a nature most femininely sensitive, but not in the least morbid. Her form is delicate, her hands daintily small. She stands quietly beside her desk, and speaks without notes, with gestures few and fitting. Her manner is marked by dignity and composure. She is never assuming, never theatrical. Every glance of her sad eyes was a mournful remonstrance against injustice and wrong. Feeling in her soul, as she must have felt it, the chilling weight of caste, she seemed to say:

'I lift my heart up solemnly,
As once Electra her sepulchral urn.'

As I listened to her there swept over me a chill wave of horror, the realization that this noble woman, had she not been rescued from her mother's condition, might have been sold on the auction block to the highest bidder—her intellect, fancy, eloquence, the flashing wit that might make the delight of a Parisian salon, and her pure, Christian character all thrown in—the recollection that women like her could be dragged out of public conveyances in our own city, so frowned out of fash-

ionable churches by Anglo-Saxon saints."

Mrs. Harper is still living in Philadelphia; she is eighty odd years old, and is lovingly spoken of and known to her friends and acquaintances as "Mother Harper."

We append her poem published in 1871, "Words for the Hour," because it fits the times and our present needs:

Men of the North! it is no time
To quit the battle-field;
When danger fronts your rear and van
It is no time to yield.

No time to bend the battle's crest
Before the wily foe,
And, ostrich-like, to hide your heads
From the impending blow.

The minions of a baffled wrong
Are marshalling their clan;
Rise up! rise up enchanted North!
And strike for God and man.

This is no time for careless ease;
No time for idle sleep;
Go light the fires in every camp,
And solemn sentries keep.

The foe you foiled upon the field
Has only changed his base;
New dangers crowd around you
And stare you in the face.

O Northern men! within your hands
Is held no common trust;
Secure the victories won by blood
When treason bit the dust.

'Tis yours to banish from the land
Oppression's iron rule;
And o'er the ruined auction block
Erect the common school.

To wipe from labor's branded brow
The curse that shamed the land,
And teach the Freedman how to wield
The ballot in his hand.

This is the nation's golden hour,
Nerve every heart and hand,
To build on Justice as a rock,
The future of the land.

True to your trust, oh, never yield
One citadel of right!
With Truth and Justice clasping hands
Ye yet shall win the fight!

Among the present generation of famous women of the colored race Mrs. Mary Church Terrell holds a prominent place. Possessed of youth, education, ability and great personal charms, the future promises much to the race who are anxiously watching her progress.

In the fall of 1891 society was electrified by a notable event—the marriage of Mr. Robert H. Terrell (now Judge Terrell) of Washington, D. C., to Miss Mary Eliza Church, only daughter of Mr. R. R. Church of Memphis, Tenn.

Judge Terrell was then popularly known in Boston as "our Bob." He had endeared himself by his genial, unassuming manners during his stay at Harvard College, to all our citizens, and New England people felt that they had a personal interest in his welfare along with the Washingtonians. Of course the news of his marriage created much comment.

A brief account of that wedding may interest the feminine portion of our readers.

The ceremony was performed in the parlors of Mr. Church's residence, on Lunderdale street. Rev. William Kline-dean of St. Mary's Cathedral officiated. The bride wore a costume of white French faille and orange blossoms and lace bridal veil. There were no bridesmaids. Nannette, the four-year-old sister of the bride, handed the wedding ring to the priest on a silver dish.

Among the guests were Hon. Blanche K. Bruce, Hon. T. F. Cassels, Prof. B. K. Sampson, ex-Gov. P. B. S. Pinchback of Louisiana, Hon. J. R. Lynch, U. A. Ridley of Boston, and many others. Costly presents testified to the esteem and good wishes of friends all over the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Terrell visited Philadelphia, New York and Boston before going to Washington, their future home. The arrival of the young couple in Boston was attended with many festivities. They reached Auburndale on Sunday and received old friends all day. Receptions were tendered them by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lee, Mr. and

Mrs. J. H. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. U. A. Ridley and many others. Mrs. Terrell was graduated from Oberlin College and enjoyed the rare privilege of a supplementary course in music, art and science in the conservatories of Paris, Berlin, Lausanne and Florence.

Mrs. Terrell had the honor of serving as President of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs for two terms. So highly is she thought of as a public speaker on race questions and women's work that at a recent meeting of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, at the First Presbyterian Church, Washington, Mrs. Terrell had the distinction of representing the Equal Suffrage Association of Washington (white), composed of sub-organizations of noted membership. Mrs. Terrell was chosen on the first ballot. Mrs. Terrell was also enrolled as a life member of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association upon the motion of Mrs. E. A. Russell, a wealthy white lady of Minneapolis, Minn. The fee of fifty dollars was paid by Mrs. Russell.

Surely there is a silver lining to the sable cloud that envelops us as a race when we know of such generous acts being done to one of our own people.

Recently Mrs. Terrell has made a highly successful tour of several large New England cities. She was everywhere warmly received, addressing a brilliant audience Sunday afternoon, February 2, in Court Square Theatre, Springfield, Mass., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. (white). Her subject was "The Bright Side of a Dark Subject," a happy presentation of the much-discussed race question. Her effort was spoken of by the daily press as the finest heard in that section for years.

Mrs. Terrell was presented to Prince Henry at the Waldorf-Astoria, and speaks warmly of the kindness shown her by the royal visitor and his guests.

No record of the fruitful work of colored women would be complete without the name of Mary Shadd Carey.

She was a native of Delaware and resided for years in Canada. Tall and slim, with a fine head, good features, intellectual countenance, bright eyes, she held a foremost place among the brave-hearted, daring women of the race who stood shoulder to shoulder with the men in the times, not so long ago, that tried men's souls.

Mrs. Carey received a better education than usually fell to colored women, even though free, and this privilege she improved. She early took an interest in all measures tending to elevate the race, and at various times filled the positions of school teacher, school superintendent, publisher, editor, lecturer, etc. She was a brilliant speaker, ready and witty in debate. Mrs. Carey had a strong determined will and could not be checked in doing what she conceived to be her duty. When the government determined to put colored men in the field to aid in suppressing the Rebellion, this woman raised recruits in the West and brought them to Boston with as much skill and order as any recruiting officer under the government. Her men were considered the best lot brought to headquarters.

Few persons did more for the moral, social and political elevation of the Negro than Mrs. Carey.

In the lives of these women are seen signs of progress. Some of us tremble for the future; God knows it is dark enough at present. But brightness is all about us. There are silver linings to the sable clouds. Dissatisfaction

and restlessness, even cruel wrong, are but hastening on the day of jubilee.

Thomas Jefferson said: "It is unfortunate that the efforts of mankind to recover the freedom of which they have been deprived should be accompanied with violence, with errors, and even with crime. But while we weep over the means, we must pray for the end."

Why is the present bright? Because, for the first time, we stand face to face, as a race, with life as it is. Because we are at the parting of the ways and must choose true morality, true spirituality and the firm basis of all prosperity in races or nations—honest toil in field and shop, doing away with all superficial assumption in education and business. Under the healthful regime that wrong and outrage have imposed upon us, we can see the rise of a sturdy, determined people; a true and ennobling church composed of men and women truly spiritualized, and a ministry fit to lead a people. All this the race that builds well on the solid rock of common sense, conscience and loyalty to man and God, will demand from its leaders and will obtain.

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists; one only,—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how-
e'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purpose embrace
All accidents, converting them to
good."



SPRING.

R. H.

We know by the breath of the balmy air,
By the springing grass and the sunshine fair,
By the soft rain falling—as if in love
The sleeping blossoms and bulbs above—
By the tint of green on the forest brown,
By the fallen tassels of aspen down,
By the lilac bud and the tufted larch,
That we have done with the wayward March.

We know by the call of the nestling bird,
As she feels her mother impulse stirred,
By the venturing forth of the sturdy bee,
Like the dove sent out o'er the olden sea,
By the croak of the frog in his willowy pond,
By the dove's low moan in the copse beyond,
By the quickening pulse and the thrilling vein,
That April has come into life again.

But not the sunshine, the breeze, the showers,
The tender green on the verdant flowers,
The voices of birds, or the quickened sense,
Appeal with such startling eloquence
To the heart that yearns for the Summer's reign,
Weary and earth-sick from Winter's chain,
As that sound which seems through space to ring,
The first low thunder of wakened Spring.

O marvel not that the men of old
Thought its deep music the gods controlled,
And by the power that within them strove,
Called it the wrath of the mystic Jove.
For we are stirred with an awe profound,
By that mysterious and awful sound,
Nor give we faith to the birds and bloom,
Till we hear that echo of Winter's doom.

So in the Spring of our life's career
We stand and gaze on the opening year;
We feel the sunshine, we drink the breeze,
But no source of feeling is stirred by these;
Not till the voice of the stormy soul
Swells like the sound of the thunder's roll—
Not till the floodgates of sorrow break,
In passionate tears, doth our Summer awake.

"AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR."

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF HOW ACCIDENTS SOMETIMES HAPPEN
IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

IRA SAMUEL BRYANT.

It was in the month of June, when the flowers filled the air with their sweetness, and the birds make all about them happy, with their blithesome songs, that Aunt Lucy, an old colored woman, who made a fair livelihood as a washerwoman, washed the clothes of John Crendon's family, and received therefor the modest sum of seventy-five cents with which to help buy food for herself and her four young children.

Her oldest son John, a lad of eighteen, took the place of a father, when he could get any work. On this beautiful summer morning after the clothes were washed, John Crendon told Aunt Lucy to come back on Saturday for her money, or she could get groceries of him instead of cash. At this Aunt Lucy stood for a few moments with her arms folded, and then said: "Lem'e see; wall, I need a few 'tatoes and some sirp, case ma son John ain't workin', so I'll jes' take hafe in dat and hafe in cash." "All right, Aunt Lucy, I will go over to the store-room and get things for you now," said Crendon, as he started for the supplies in question.

While he was gone Mrs. Crendon, who was busy in an adjoining room, came out and said: "Aunt Lucy, my clothes are washed so prettily, especially my shirt waist." "Yes, m'a'm, missus, I allus do ma best," said Aunt Lucy; "case dar am an oale saying dat say it am the best policy."

"Won't you have a cup of coffee before you start for home, Aunt Lucy?" asked Mrs. Crendon. "Yes'm, missus, tanks you; I ain't had none dis week, 'case I had to take de money an' put bread in my chillun's mouf, instead o' buyin' coffee. 'Case de poah leetle lams ain't got no pa to provide fo' do

dem, an' ma son John he is jes' gitten up from a big spell ob sickness."

"That's too bad, Aunt Lucy," said Mrs. Crendon, as she spread out before her a table filled with morning delicacies, which Aunt Lucy ate with a becoming appetite. After she had finished, Mrs. Crendon fixed her a nice little lunch and said: "Here is some bread for your children, Aunt Lucy; perhaps they will enjoy it." "Yes'm, missus, I no de will, an' I tanks you mo' times dan I can count," said Aunt Lucy as she put it into her clothes basket.

Shortly after John Crendon reappeared with a gallon of syrup and a peck of sweet potatoes, which he handed to Aunt Lucy, saying: "Here are the potatoes and syrup, Aunt Lucy, and you may come or send after the rest of your money Saturday evening between seven and eight o'clock."

"Yes, sah, I will," said Aunt Lucy, as she said in an under tone, "De Lawd will provide."

It was now time for Aunt Lucy to start for home, and she said, as she started out: "Good day, massa; good day, missus. If I don' come for the money I's gwine to sen' ma son John after it."

"All right, Aunt Lucy," said Mr. Crendon, as they both stood on the long shaded veranda until she disappeared from sight.

When Aunt Lucy reacher her home, which was a little log cabin setting in a desolate part of the woods, with large, tall pine trees surrounding it, which gave it the picturesque appearance of southern plantation life, she sat down for a few moments to rest, and then took the contents of the bag which Mrs. Crendon had given and emptied it out in her broad and spacious lap, as she

called her children in a voice which soon reached every one's ear, to come and get some of the bread that "old missus" sent them. Instantly they one and all suspended their duties and hastened to partake of the unexpected feast, which had so suddenly come to them.

Aunt Lucy had them sit on the floor around her, as she passed the scanty feast among them, which they ate with becoming appetite.

After they had finished, Aunt Lucy again sent them to their various duties, while she began her household work.

When supper time arrived Aunt Lucy prepared the meal, which consisted of some white meat, corn bread, syrup and potatoes, and then she called in a loud voice, "Supper am ready, chil-lun." This call soon reached each one of the family and they at once washed their faces and hands, and took their seats at the table.

"John, you take the seat that yo' pa use to hab, 'case dat am de one's place you shall hab to fill."

"Mus' I say de blessin', too, ma?" "Yes, son." And with that they all bowed their heads as John proceeded:

"Good Lawd, make us t'ankful fo' dis we am 'bout to receive and nourish our bodies fo' Christ sake. Amen."

After the blessing they all began their supper, which was eaten with great pleasure.

After they had finished Aunt Lucy said: "John, I guess I'll have to send you in town tomorrow evening to git some money fo' me from Mr. Crendon's."

"All right, ma, 'case it will give me some strength, 'case I hab los' all I had an' I t'inks de trip 'ill do me good," replied John.

Aunt Lucy had a quantity of clothes to mend, but took some of her time to tell the children the story of Christ dying on the cross to save the world of sin, and that they one and all had just as good a chance as anybody else to be saved. She then had them kneel beside her while she prayed that God might send his guarding and protecting angel to hover and protect each of her

dear children during the night, after which they said the Lord's prayer together.

As they arose from their knees, they each kissed Aunt Lucy good night, and then a sweet chorus said, "Good night, mammy." "Good night, ma babies," said Aunt Lucy, as she sat looking over her eye glasses, mending the clothes for the coming week.

After the children had retired, Aunt Lucy sat there with her sewing until she heard the cock crow for midnight, when she put out the light and went to bed.

The next morning she was up bright and early, doing her chores, while Mary Ann cooked the breakfast and John cut the wood.

Work was suddenly stopped, however, as soon as Mary Ann proclaimed that breakfast was ready, to which summons each member of the little family responded, after which they resumed their former duties and worked hard until noon getting things in shape for Sunday.

When noon came there was a brief space of time allowed for a lunch, after which they resumed their duties and labored until six o'clock. After supper Aunt Lucy said:

"John, will you go git de money from Massah Crendon now? 'Case by de time you git dar it 'ill be seven o'clock and you 'ill be jes' in time I'll sabe yo' supper till you comes back."

"All right, mammy," said John, as he got his hat from the corner behind the door; "I'll go now." And away John started. He walked rapidly for two miles and at last reached the big white house with a long veranda and with a garden in front.

At this time Mr. Crendon was across the street talking with his neighbor, Mr. Brown, and Mrs. Crendon was sitting alone on the veranda. Aunt Lucy's son John came up to the house, and stopping at the gate he knocked, Rap! rap! rap! "Who is there?" asked Mrs. Crendon, for it was getting dark and she could not see the person's face. "'Tis John," was the response. "Well,

come in, John. Why do you stand at the gate?" said Mrs. Crendon, thinking it was her husband.

The next moment John was in the yard and on the veranda before Mrs. Crendon discovered the difference, when to her surprise she saw a black John, instead of a white John, who came boldly up to her and said, "Good eb'ning, missus; ma sent me fo' de leetle change you owes her."

Mrs. Crendon, not understanding what he said, and being frightened by his sudden appearance, screamed at the highest pitch of her voice for help, while John stood there looking as if he, too, would soon scream.

"What's de mattah, missus?" said John. "Can I do anything to help you?" "No! no! no!" cried Mrs. Crendon, in a hysterical voice.

By that time John Crendon, with a number of his friends and neighbors, came upon the veranda and demanded of John what he wanted. He replied in a stammering way, "I's name John, an' ma mammy sent me for"—

"Shut up, sir, you black rascal, I don't believe you," cried one of the party. "Burn him!" cried another. "Lynch him!" cried another. The latter proposition was instantly agreed to and John Crendon at once ran to his stable to get some rope.

When he returned they tied the colored boy's hands behind him and the crowd then marched about one-half mile from John Crendon's house. During this march with the wild crowd, poor John was pleading just for the sake of his mother. When a certain tree was reached they tied his legs so that he could not move and then made a slip-knot and threw it over a big limb of the tree and then put it around John's neck. Whereupon the poor boy stopped pleading and began praying.

He repeated the Lord's prayer as far as the words, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," at which moment a volley of shot entered his poor body as if he had been a beast. But above all the noise they heard him say, while gasping his last breath, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep—amen," and

died. His body was left swinging to the tree.

* * * * *

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and Aunt Lucy was standing in her little cabin door, waiting for her son John, for she had heard the shooting and was afraid that robbers had overpowered her son and taken her money. Not daring to venture forth during the night, she sat there until day-break, which was Sunday morning, when she began to hunt for him, and asked each passer-by if they had seen her son John.

They one and all told the same story, that they had seen the body of a lad who had been lynched hanging to a tree. These statements almost broke poor old Aunt Lucy's heart, as she walked along the road, sobbing in the depths of her heart.

Upon reaching the spot where the lynching had taken place, she fell in undescrivable despair and cried out: "Dis am ma own dear boy John! He jes' lef ma house las' night, an' now he am dead. Oh, me! No more John to cut ma wood, and he'p me supp't de chillun. Oh, me! Oh, me! Poor me! Dis am ma berry son John up heah, lynched fo' nутten!"

After somewhat calming herself Aunt Lucy went to the church, of which she was a member, and told her story to the congregation, who were greatly amazed and very indignant. In a moment the church was in a great uproar, each one swearing vengeance upon the lynchers.

But in a moment the clergyman stood with his hands outstretched, as he said: "Brethren and sisters, why do you profane the house of God in this way? The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. He hath also said in his word, 'Though he slay me, yet I will trust in him.'" These words uttered solemnly by their pastor caused the congregation to become quiet, after which some of the brethren went to the place of the lynching with Aunt Lucy and took down the body and carried it to Aunt Lucy's little cabin.

After the body was prepared for

burial, some of the very lynchers themselves came in and expressed their deep regret at what had happened, not of course acknowledging their part in the tragedy.

Some of Aunt Lucy's church brethren bought her a coffin, while another brought an ox team to the house, and together they took the body to the churchyard for its final rest.

No investigation was ever had of this

"unfortunate affair," but poor old Aunt Lucy was forced to labor even harder than in the past to support her family of little ones. This is not a picture painted in too vivid colors, but in a fair and impartial statement of facts, which we know full well would apply to many cases of lynchings which the press throughout the country reports. "Lynched for the usual crime."

THE NEW RACE QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.

S. A. HAMILTON, ROARING SPRING, PA.

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The Negro has ceased to be a "race problem" in the South. The fact that a majority of the Southern States in which the Negroes predominate have passed disfranchisement laws, and that the others are taking steps toward that end, has effectually settled the Negro question for many years to come, as without civil rights the Negro will be more helpless and more miserable in every way, in the future, than during the so-called "dark days" of slavery.

But the South has a new "race question" to face—one that has approached so insidiously, and from so unexpected a quarter, that few persons have realized in it a danger to existing political and social institutions of the South. The South has from the beginning been dominated, socially, politically, and in every other relation of life, by the so-called aristocracy, or, as they are more generally known, the "high-bred" whites. There has not, until recent years, been any account taken of the poor whites, now almost universally denominated the "Crackers." There was no place for them in the economy of the South previous to the War of the Rebellion, as there was no sphere of action into which they could be fitted. Their labor could not compete with the cheaper labor of the slaves,

excepting in a few urban occupations, and, being landless, they could not become an agricultural or producing class; hence, they degenerated from the beginning into a besotted, ignorant and vicious class, living apart in the dense recesses of the pine woods, which then covered the South, multiplying with the usual fecundity of the poverty stricken, and by the time the war began they comprised a vast majority of the white people of the central and southern portions of that section of our country known as the South.

The origin of the Crackers is lost in obscurity. That they are a people apart from the educated and intelligent "high-bred" whites of the South, it needs but a glance to assure the intelligent observer; and the typical one, bred in the backwoods, coming into contact with civilization only by an occasional visit to some cross-roads store for the few necessities that he cannot pick up in the pine woods, is a sight to impress the observer with the conviction that extreme cases of reversion are possible even to such highly bred races as the English, Scotch, Irish and French, whence the Crackers are descended, when any of their members are neglected by civilization for several hundred years.

The most plausible theory as to the origin of the Crackers is that the original ones were the descendants of the "Redemptioners" and convicts, whom Great Britain poured on the shores of the colonies early in their history. No doubt their ranks were from time to time recruited by the addition of large numbers of the criminal and worthless classes, who found congenial surroundings among the lazy Crackers, away from all the restraints of civilization; and there is record of the reversion of people of high culture, who, becoming stranded on the shores of the colonies, gradually drifted away into the woods, only to turn up a century later, in the persons of their descendants, typical Crackers, with family names so degenerated by mispronunciation as to be hardly recognizable.

There has been advanced repeatedly, also, the theory that the two shiploads of Huguenots who were cast away upon the shores of Georgia and Florida, mostly all of whom reached the land in safety, but eventually disappeared, were swallowed up in the pine woods and gradually became associated with the mass of the Crackers.

Many of the Crackers (a typical Cracker is one who has not left his home in the pine woods, or been under the influence of education) in these States show unmistakably the Gallic cast of features, and their family names are but corruptions of names well known in France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, such as Gasher for Gaché, Delyou for de L'Eau, Ganney for Gagné, and many others.

Owing to the fact that the services of the Redemptioners were needed in the Northern, non-slave-holding States as laborers and artisans, they soon became absorbed in the mass of the people and lost their identity as a separate class; but in the South, after they had worked out their freedom, they were turned adrift, and there being no employment for them they gradually drifted into the woods. At that time a man with a rifle could keep him-

self in what was then considered comfort.

As the land became cleared into farms and plantations the squatting Crackers were compelled to retire deeper into the woods, until by the time of the Rebellion they were pretty well congested into the sections of the South whose soil was worthless for plantation purposes.

The Cracker had not been prospering as had his high-bred neighbor, the planter, in the period between the Revolution and the Rebellion. As the clearing of the land enhanced the riches of the slave-holder, in inverse proportion it decreased the prosperity and resources of the Crackers of the pine woods. Game gradually became scarce and many of them were compelled to clear small patches of scrub-land to enable them to raise a few sacks of corn for meal, instead of trading it for pelts; and instead of the game they had to depend more largely on the flesh of the razor-back hog.

When the Rebellion broke out the Crackers were ripe for rapine and murder. Pushed to the very extremity of want by the aggressions of the high-bred whites, and smarting under the insolence of the Negroes, who to this day loathe the Crackers with a feeling such as one pariah race always feels for another, they were on the verge of breaking out when, opportunely, the beginning of the war gave a field for the outpouring of their surplus energies, of which the ruling class was glad to take advantage.

As soldiers in the Confederate armies the Crackers were for the first time put to general use by those who had always shunned and neglected them. They were glad of their services, and every device was used to influence them against the North. They were puffed up with pompous pride—made to feel that they were invincible; and, as a further stimulus to exertion on behalf of their masters, they were deluded into considering themselves as "Southern gentlemen!"

Consider the result of such handling of ignorant, degraded men by

those whose cunning has ever been conceded, and we have the state of feeling of the mass of the Confederate troops when they marched to oppose the North. They were screwed up to the highest pitch of cocksureness, and the reaction was correspondingly great when the scales fell from their eyes at Appomattox—and they realized that “one Southern gentleman” (of the Cracker class) is not “equal to six Northern Yankees,” as General Jackson puts it in his famous arithmetic.

After Appomattox the North had the chance forever to win the good-will and co-operation of the Crackers of the South. Had the North possessed the gift of the prescience and recognized in the Crackers the future rulers of the South, it would have made them its allies, instead of, as it did, taking the surest course to alienate them forever. The Crackers went from the armies back to their homes among the pines of the South, disgusted with the ruling class and disillusioned as to their invincibility. They were in a state of receptivity that should have been taken advantage of by the victors. They were not then bitter against the North—only dazed at the outcome of the struggle, which they had been assured would redound to their credit and profit. They would have welcomed the North as friends, with open arms—as they had not lost anything by the war and had everything to gain in the friendship of the North—had the North gone to them as friends; but instead the latter sent them the “carpet-bagger” and the Negro office-holder, with the result that they have come to hate the North, and it was an easy matter for the educated whites to resume their old ascendancy over them.

However, this latter state of affairs, in the nature of things, could not last as long as it had before. The breaking up of the plantations into small farms after the war enabled the more thrifty of the Crackers to acquire a local habitation free from the fear of being compelled to move onward at every sound of the lumberman’s axe; schools for their children soon sprang up and

the Crackers began to feel that they had become the social superiors of the Negroes, who had so long looked down upon them. The increasing use of the ballot taught them the rudiments of political economy and freedom, and they began to believe that they had the same rights as citizens as their old oppressors, the high-bred whites, and they, in a murmur at first, set up a cry for their rights that in some of the more northerly States of the former Confederacy swelled into a volume that carried all before it; and we have, for the first time in the history of the South, the spectacle of two of her most aristocratic States in the hands of the Crackers—the Carolinas.

But these were not all the forces that tended to the uplifting of the Crackers as a class. With the introduction of industrialism in the South there opened a vast field of employment for white labor. Crackers were the only available class, and they were induced in large numbers to forsake the pine woods and settle in the vicinity of the towns and cities in which Northern capital was erecting mills and factories. They soon acquired the tastes and habits of civilization, and their keen wits realized that effort alone wins the battle of life. Their children had better school facilities, and in large numbers took whatever of higher education was afforded, and from which, being white, they could not be debarred. The Cracker is a cunning fellow, and once he gets a modicum of education can readily appreciate how his high-bred fellow-citizen kept in power so long—and he casts longing eyes ahead for the benefit of his children. The grandsons and granddaughters of the Crackers of antebellum days form the mass of what might be called the “middle class” of the South to-day.

They are restless and ambitious. Two hundred years of free, untrammelled life in the pine woods have made them a race as hardy and virile as the heart of an oak, and with a storehouse of vitality that will last them as a class for ages to come. They have come to

know their rights. Already the lust of power is blazing from their eyes, and they stand to-day face to face with the aristocrat demanding at least an equal voice in the government of their common country.

What will the high-bred whites of the South, who have held the reins of government since Colonial times, reply to this demand? This is the present "race question" in the South. If the aristocrat be wise he will gracefully concede a portion of political power to the representatives of the "New South" and assist in the inevitable—the gradual amalgamation of the two classes, a slight unbending of the upper to meet the rapid rise of the lower; but the signs indicate that he will not, for, to those who have made the political and social conditions of the South a study, the air is already full of the din of the coming strife between the whites of the South.

The success of the Populist movement (really a Cracker movement) has emboldened the Crackers of the far South. They have won their first strategic point in the disfranchisement of the Negroes.

Contrary to the general impression held at the North, the movement to disfranchise the Negro has not been engineered by the high-bred whites. They, as a class, are the more friendly to the Negro, as they feel their dependency on them; but with the Cracker class it is different. They have no use for the Negroes, but on the other hand consider them as competitors in the industrial field, and resent the social and moral supremacy which the Negro has in the past vaunted over them. The advantage to the Cracker in the disfranchisement of the Negro lies in the fact that it removes the latter from the field of politics and puts the former in a majority as regards votes.

In a voting contest between the two white classes, the negro would have sided with his old masters, the aristocrats, which would have enabled them to maintain the balance of power, but which they have forfeited by being led to disfranchise their old friends, the

Negroes. The black man has a genuine regard for the descendants of his old masters of the "old families," but despises the "po' white trash" and his descendants, no matter to what financial or political height they may have risen.

One of the most potent factors in the elevation of the Crackers has been that of intermarriage with the aristocrats. After the war many of the high-bred families were without homes and protectors, and gradually sank, socially, until their descendants met the rising tide of strong, virile Crackers on its upward way; and many intermarriages took place, resulting in what might be called a class apart, locally known as "half-strainers," which is leading the Crackers by virtue of its forcefulness of character, embodying the mental traits and abilities of the aristocrats and drawing from their Cracker ancestors a generous supply of physical strength stored up for their benefit in the depths of the pine woods of the South.

The struggle is on, and will be a hard one, but its end can be easily foretold by a student of Southern conditions. The Crackers, led by the superior "half-strainers," are bound to win by virtue of their numbers and their vitality. It is this vitality, assisted by Northern capital, that is building up the "New South" about which we have heard so much the last ten years.

It is not the grandson of the antebellum magnate who is running the cotton mill, the turpentine still, and the lumber camp. No! It is the Cracker and his Northern partner who are building up the New South, industrially, while the descendants of the planters and "gentlemen of the old school" are overcrowding the professions, the Army and Navy, and leading that "Southern invasion of the North" which is so evident in our large cities in all ranks of intellectual endeavor.

A modification of social conditions is bound to follow the domination by the Crackers of the political and industrial economies of the South. "Family," as such, will be less and less a factor

as education and refinement permeate the mass of the Cracker body; and individual worth, personal effort, and industrial preferment will gradually become the open sesame to the society of the South, as they are to that of the North.

The results of the education of the

Crackers are shown in two United States Senators, nine Representatives in Congress, five Governors of States, and an increasing number of State legislators, while the editorial columns of some of the South's greatest papers are directed by those whose ancestors were numbered among this class.

HER LETTERS.

A. GUDE DEEKUN.

I had a presentiment of impending disaster, and I knew just where it was coming from, as it appeared in the form of a square gray envelope, faintly perfumed with the odor of wood violets.

Just as I was leaving the house, the postman stopped for a moment at the gate with the innocent looking little gray missive in his hand, and my heart fell as I recognized that small danger signal. The writer of the letter was, I felt sure, a certain young matron of my acquaintance,* in fact a cousin, Helen Benning, with whom some time back I had been desperately in love, and who before her marriage to George Benning had often called upon me to help her out of the many difficulties into which her impulsive and erratic temperament frequently involved her.

A striking example of this was the time she sought my advice when she had promised to marry a young lawyer named Scott and at the same time engaged herself to Benning. On that occasion the gray letter came to my house with two special delivery stamps on it, and written directions to the messenger that if I was not at home to carry it to me wherever I might happen to be. I was at home and upon hurrying to see her was tearfully informed how matters stood and asked to decide which man she should marry.

Of course I appreciated this great compliment to my taste in such matters and endeavored to find out which one she really wanted, in order to approve of her selection, that being the advice really desired. Finally I elicited from her

enough to show that while she loved Benning she thought it was her duty to marry Scott, as he had declared to her that she had led him to think that he was the favored one, and vowed that his life would be completely wrecked if she refused him. But she married Benning.

And then later when she invited a young man whom she had met at the seashore, and who afterwards proved to be an ordinary clerk in a small store, to her wedding, she intrusted to me the pleasant task of getting back the invitation.

But the present case was even more serious. The lawyer Scott had been introduced to our circle two years previously by a well known society man, as a man of means and high professional and social standing from Boston, and his gentlemanly bearing in connection with his pleasing manners and apparent wealth had enabled him to firmly establish himself in our midst. But of late, rumor had coupled his name with several shady enterprises, and when about two months previously he was publicly arrested, charged with forgery, though he succeeded in quieting the affair, it had resulted in his being dropped by his erstwhile friends.

To make the story short, the man proved himself to be an impostor and a rascal, and while it was remarked by many that he ought to be notified to leave town, no one saw fit to make the request a personal one, and the subject of the discussion seemed sufficiently calloused to stand the ostracism which was accorded him.

Prior to her marriage to George Benning, Helen wrote Scott a letter in which, according to her story, she said she could not marry him, but endeavored to console him for her loss, by saying that while she cared a great deal for him she must marry Benning. Of course this was before the villain's unmasking.

The present trouble was that Scott had demanded money of Helen and threatened, if it was refused, to show the letter to her husband, and Helen, instead of showing his threatening note to her husband and having him thrash the scoundrel, as he undoubtedly would have done, had allowed herself to be frightened as Scott had expected and had sent him money on two occasions.

But the climax had come two days before when she received an unsigned note saying that he was expecting to leave town shortly and demanding a sum that was entirely out of the question for her to raise. It began to look as though these demands would continue indefinitely and this last and most outrageous one exasperated Helen so much that she had once more appealed to me for aid and assistance.

Thus matters stood when I read the note the carrier handed me as I was leaving for my office that morning. The note was short and ran:

"Dear Frank:

"Please come to see me as soon as you get this, as I am in great trouble and want you to help me.

"Hastily,

"Helen.

"P. S.—Do not say anything to George if you meet him. H."

The recording angel must have been very busy, disfiguring my record for the next several minutes, but as it had to be, and as my work could wait, I started directly for Benning's and met him coming out of the door on his way to the city hall, where he was employed as deputy auditor.

"Why, hello, Frank! Walk right in. Helen was just hoping you would come by as she is feeling blue this morning and wants you to get her some books. Go in, but you must excuse me, as I am already a little late and must hustle."

And off he went while I entered with much foreboding as to the coming interview.

Helen was still at the breakfast table and greeted me almost joyously with "O Frank, I just knew you would come and help me." Then to the girl who was clearing the table:

"Mary, just leave the things as they are for a few minutes," and then she told me of her troubles as already stated.

"Helen, this is simply scandalous. I thought you had stopped getting into these difficulties some time ago; and you a prominent young matron, too."

"Now Frank, please don't scold, because you know this happened long before I was married, and now that old wretch can make me such a lot of trouble if he is not kept quiet. But I just can't raise five hundred dollars now and he says he will certainly send my letter to George if I don't." And the tears stood in her eyes as she tapped nervously on the table with a spoon.

"This is pretty serious, Helen, not that I believe that you have been guilty of more than an indiscretion, but the fact that you have corresponded with this villain and have twice paid him money would in itself not look very nice if it were known. What did you say in that first letter, anyway?"

"Why, nothing at all, Frank. You see of course I had promised George to marry him and naturally felt just a little sorry for this—this—creature, and when he wrote and said that his life had been wrecked by me, why, I answered it and tried to make it as easy as possible for him. I couldn't have said much, but I really don't remember exactly what I did say."

"So far as I can see it would not have made a particle of difference if he had shown the letter to George, as George would certainly have understood. But it is too late to discuss that phase of it now as we must devise means to get back that letter and the one you wrote since the affair began."

For a few minutes neither of us spoke, as I endeavored to think of some plan of procedure, as Helen was perfectly willing that I should do whatever seemed

best. The task was a delicate one, but an idea occurred to me that appeared feasible and I arose to leave, in order to perfect the details at my office.

"I must get down to the office now and I think this can be arranged without much trouble, and our legal friend gotten well rid of in the bargain."

"O, I hope you can, and you don't know how grateful I will be to you, for I must have that letter."

"Well, I think you will have reason to be. Helen, what kind of a fellow is that man out there fixing your garden? Can he be depended on to help me if I need him, and to hold his tongue?"

"Yes, indeed, he can. Brengle is a German, and perfectly reliable. He would do anything for me, but what are you going to do?"

"I hardly know yet. But I'd like you to meet me at Scott's office at a quarter past one to-day when it is quiet around there, and tell your man to be sure to be at my house to-night by dark and just say to him that he will be paid for helping me with a little work."

Promptly at the time agreed upon, we met at Scott's office and entered together. He was alone and busily engaged in manicuring his hands, and to judge by appearances, this was the most engrossing task he had had for some time.

Our entrance together somewhat surprised and disconcerted him, but he arose at once and placing a chair for Helen inquired what could be done for her and looked at me questioningly. His assurance after all that had occurred made me ache to kick him out of his own place, but Helen with perfect composure said to him with a smile:

"We came here—Mr. Simms as you are aware is my cousin and knows all about this matter—to tell you that it is impossible to pay you the sum you demand and to ask you to return me the letter for which I have twice paid you money, and also the note I wrote when I sent the last amount."

Scott, who had risen, lost his apparent calmness, and watched me nervously while she was speaking, as if trying to read my intentions toward him, and I noticed that he partly opened a drawer in his desk and let his hand rest on it,

but his face hardened again and with a perceptible sneer he remarked:

"I'm sure I don't see what connection Mr. Simms has with this affair unless he is going to pay the sum I mentioned. As both of you well know, owing to recent occurrences and the actions of some of my friends," emphasizing the word friends, "I am compelled to resort to this means of raising money, and when this little matter is settled I propose to at once leave this God-forsaken place forever. And also, I must have the cash in hand by to-morrow afternoon, or else——" and he shrugged his shoulders and waved a hand suggestively as though that were sufficiently expressive of his intentions in the alternative.

It was hard work to keep from thrashing him then and there for his boldfaced villainy and insulting manner, but the man evidently had a pistol in the drawer of his desk, and besides I had learned what I came to find out. So smothering my wrath I waited for Helen's answer. But she did not know what I wanted her to do, so she turned toward me and said:

"Well, I just cannot raise five hundred dollars, so I don't know what you can do about it."

It was time for the interview to end, so I said with a contempt that was genuine, but in a manner intended to disarm suspicion from him:

"Helen, I have told you in unmistakable terms what I think of your conduct and that I could not help you, but rather than have a public scandal I will settle this thing myself with that—man. But it must be settled to-day and I will arrange with him here to-night." And to Scott: "I will have it arranged and will meet you here at eight o'clock to-night and you will give me both letters. But remember this—you leave town to-night, and if ever you set foot in it again I promise you I will head a mob to tar and feather you."

Scott had not looked either of us in the face while I was speaking, though he winced at some of the remarks, and instead of showing any feeling at my threat, he merely answered:

"Very well, the letters shall be deliv-

ered when I get the money," and returned to his finger nails.

Just before dusk the Bennings' man Brengle put in appearance at my office and I explained part of my plans to him, assuring him that the lawyer had wrongfully obtained some papers belonging to Mrs. Benning which might cause her much loss if they were not recovered at once and quietly. He was perfectly willing to assist, and readily agreed to keep his own confidence.

In settling with Scott in the way in which I did I doubtless violated more than one of the laws of the land, but I decided to let the end justify the means.

Posting Brengle near the law office to watch Scott's movements I went to the shop of a locksmith with whom I was well acquainted and procured a large assortment of keys, declining his proffered assistance to help me, as he supposed, to get my own keys out of my locked up office and desk. On my return Brengle reported that Scott had gone to his rooms about three squares away, and as near as the watcher could ascertain seemed to be packing his personal effects and getting ready to leave.

This was good news, so leaving my confederate outside on guard, with the locksmith's keys I quickly gained an entrance to the office and after carefully screening the window and transom lighted a gas et that was directly over the desk.

The desk also easily succumbed to the keys, and I began my search. It was as I feared, there was nothing whatever in the desk that had been written by Helen, though every cranny was carefully searched, care being taken to replace everything just as it had been left. A revolver was in the top drawer with a box partly filled with cartridges and these I placed in my pocket, and putting out the light locked the door and made a hurried trip back to the locksmith's, with a job that caused him considerable surprise, but which he did, and hastening back I was relieved to find that Scott had not yet returned.

Replacing the pistol and cartridges in the drawer the office was quickly locked up and the keys restored to the wondering owner, and Brengle accompanied me

home to wait until it should be time to keep the eight o'clock appointment.

Scott's office was in the lower part of a two story frame building, the balance of the structure serving as quarters for a photographer who closed his place of business early, and this fact in connection with the semi-darkness of the street had made it easy for my operations.

When I rapped on the lawyer's door at eight o'clock he was seated at his desk apparently very busy with some papers. He was carefully dressed and on a chair at his side was a small hand satchel, doubtless for the money. He was plainly nervous as was not unnatural, considering the enterprise in which he was engaged, and on my entrance looked up quickly and even attempted a sickly sort of smile which instantly faded as I calmly seated myself on a chair opposite him and began chewing a toothpick.

My demeanor clearly upset him, for he said, hastily:

"Well, I suppose we can settle our little business at once, Mr. Simms?"

"O yes, I am quite ready," I answered, leaning back in the chair and chewing.

"Well, er—er—suppose we proceed to business. You have the money?"

"Where are the letters?"

"Right here in my pocket," tapping his coat, "and when you count out the five hundred they are yours." And his face lighted up with pleasant anticipations.

Rising from the chair and going a step nearer to the man, I pointed a finger at him and said as impressively as possible:

"Henry Scott, I have something to say that may interest you. I did not come here to pay you any money and have none with me, but I came for those two letters and expect to carry them away with me, so I will trouble you to pass them over."

He stared at me first in blank amazement, and then turned red with anger, and pushing his chair back blurted out:

"You are either a — fool or take me for one."

"Possibly both," I replied; "and to return the compliment, you are the most despicable cur I ever had the mis-

fortune to run across. You are a mean, treacherous, sneaking, villainous hypocrite, with not half the nerve of a highwayman, but just a common, ordinary blackmailer." I spoke with an even tone of voice and then added:

"Please do not keep me waiting, but hand over the letters, after which I shall kick you out of your office."

Fairly livid with rage he retorted:

"I'll see you in ——— first, and if you say a word more of that to me I'll shoot you down where you stand," and he jerked open the drawer and pulled out his pistol.

With all the earnestness and intensity I could muster up I gazed at him steadily in the eye, and said dramatically:

"You contemptible villain, I am possessed of powers which can and do defy that little toy weapon. Submit to my will!" and making some passes towards him I advanced toward the desk with outstretched, waving hands. He evidently thought me crazy and was white with terror.

"You crazy fool, stop!" he shouted, and as I continued to advance he jumped from his seat, and pointing the revolver straight at me pulled the trigger twice.

There were two faint, snapping sounds, like the noise made by paper caps in a toy pistol, and a bullet dropped from the muzzle of the weapon to the floor. The man turned perfectly ashen with amazement and stared at the pistol and then at me.

Smiling calmly and looking him steadily in the eye, I reached out a hand, inviting him by gesture to give me the weapon, when he suddenly raised it again and snapped it at me several times in quick succession with the same result, and before I could divine his intention drew back his arm and hurled the pistol at my head with all his might. The wonderful powers of which I was possessed barely enabled me to dodge the missile and it struck the door with a crash and dropped to the floor.

Whereupon the door opened quickly and Brengle entered. He had been

told to wait outside until I called him, but the noise made by the impact of the pistol against the door, caused him to think that it was time to come in. Scott hailed him as a rescuer and yelled out, pointing to me: "Seize that man quick! He's a raving maniac and just tried to——" but stopped short as he saw me speak in a low tone to the newcomer, and his jaw fell as he realized that he was trapped.

After again demanding the letters and again being positively refused, without more ado we seized Scott, despite his fierce struggles, and after threatening to gag him if he attempted to cry out, I searched his pockets and valise thoroughly, while he looked sullenly on under guard of Brengle.

As a result of this drastic proceeding I found two sealed envelopes addressed to Helen and opened them at once. In one was the note she had sent with her last payment of "hush money," and in the other nothing but a sheet of blank paper. This was very disappointing, as we might be interrupted, so I demanded of the prisoner that he at once tell me where the original letter was, under pain of dire consequences, but his reply was unexpected:

"You people in this town are almost too easy to be true, but you've got the drop on me now so I will talk straight. I have not and never have had any letter from Mrs. Benning that she's been asking for. That note, and one or two invitations and things of that sort, are the only writings I've ever received from her; but when she said she had written me something which might cause her trouble and insisted that I had it, why, I politely agreed with her and proceeded to make capital out of it. So I am giving you straight goods when I say I haven't any such letter, and never did have, and couldn't give you one for five thousand dollars. I admit I put up a good bluff, but you have called me, and as I am willing to leave town tonight you had better stop this thing and let me go."

So earnest was he in his declarations that I was constrained to believe him,

and having Brengle remove his bonds I left the place after warning him that his movements would be watched until his departure.

It is doubtless unnecessary to say that the real hypnotic influence on the pistol was exerted at the locksmith's.

Hastening to the Bennings' home as

"Francis Simms, I think you are just horrid to sit there and scold me when I am just dying to get those letters. Please, give them to me right away and don't tease me any more."

Taking the two envelopes from my pocket I handed them to her and waited as she eagerly drew out the contents.



MRS. W. M. COSHBURN,
President of the Lucy Stone Club, and leading colored business woman
of Worcester, Mass.

I had promised, I was fortunate to find Helen alone, and before telling her the result of my efforts, I proceeded, on the strength of masculine superiority in general and my own in particular, to lecture her on the past and warn her that should she in the future be so indiscreet as to indulge in any more escapades she must not look to me for succor, winding up with, "Even now I fear I have done wrong to engage in an affair of this sort with another man's wife."

Her face fell and she said in a startled tone:

"Why, it isn't here! Francis, where is the letter?"

"He didn't have it. Said he never got such a letter from you. I searched him and all his papers thoroughly."

The tears came to her eyes and she fairly moaned:

"O he did get it. And you promised me you would bring it to me to-night, and now he will send it to George, and then——" and she was on the point of crying when I said sharply:

"Stop, Helen, don't do that. Are you positive you sent it to him?"

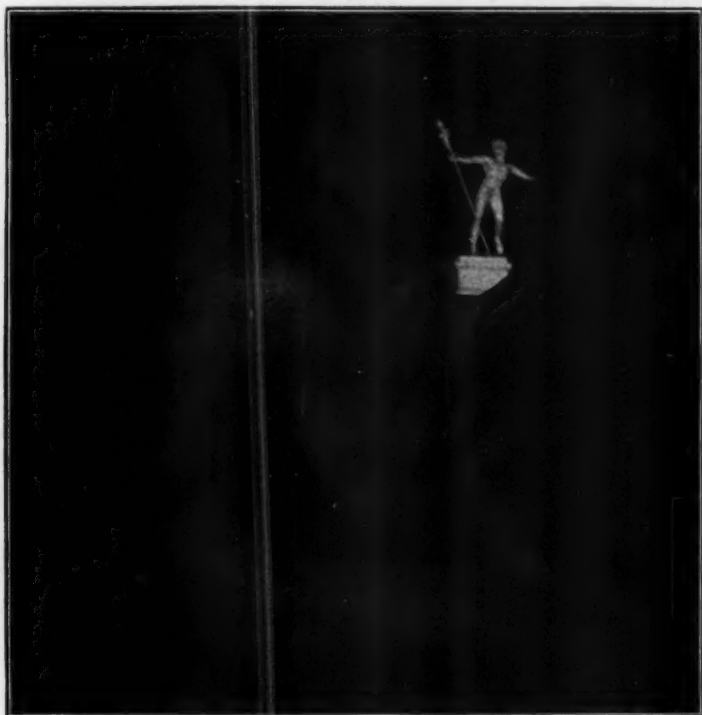
"Of course, I am. I couldn't forget anything like that, and, O yes! I wrote a letter that same day to Alice Lyons, and the hateful thing never answered it. I always knew she liked George, but she need not to have acted so mean because I married him."

I was wearing a light overcoat and had not removed it, and as I now re-

pocket and drew from it a handful of papers. With a little cry Helen sprang up and seized two small gray envelopes and then dropped back into her seat laughing almost hysterically.

I had nothing to say and said it. In a moment Helen grew serious and then indignant.

"Well, I declare! This is certainly scandalous! Here you have kept my letters in your pocket for a year—a



EBONY AND IVORY.

A Study, as posed by J. R. Carter.

See page 412.

sumed my seat without replying, Helen wheeled her chair around so that she could see a beribboned calendar on the wall.

"It was just a year ago yesterday that I gave you the letters to mail." She stopped rocking suddenly, and sitting up in her chair looked at me accusingly with a new light in her eyes.

"Francis Simms! Maybe—did you forget to mail those letters?"

A strong misgiving seized me and automatically I reached in my coat

whole year—and made me all this trouble for nothing."

Such is the gratitude of women, but presently I found my voice and remarked:

"It seems to me that instead of being berated I deserve a unanimous vote of thanks for having saved you trouble instead of causing it, not to mention a paltry half-thousand dollars." But she was greatly relieved and laughed merrily as she replied:

"Of course, I should not have really paid the five hundred dollars," and then with alarm as I picked up the note and letter from the table where she had placed them:

"Why, what are you going to do with those?"

But I had reached the open grate and as I tossed them on the fire, answered her:

"Put them away."

Instead of flaring up as I rather expected, she merely smiled and said:

"I guess that's the best way of doing it."

Brengle had been charged to keep an eye on Scott, but as the latter's movements were now of no consequence to us, I took up my hat to go and end the espionage, but paused as I heard Benning coming in the front door, and asked:

"Shall I mail this letter to Alice Lyons?"

Helen laughed as she smoothed the wrinkles in the envelope and replied:

"No, I shall show this to George."



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

Many able and brilliant women so far have been produced by the Afro-American race, but none of them, to our knowledge, excell or surpass Mrs. Maggie Whiteman Steward, in literary attainments, and all the other accomplishments with which the modern or the twentieth century woman is endowed. Mrs. Steward, it is true, was blessed in her girlhood days with educational advantages which were not enjoyed to the same extent by many other boys and girls residing in the Southland.

Mrs. Steward was born in the old Tar-Heel State, North Carolina. Her parents, the Whitmans, were highly connected and were noted for their liberal and progressive ideas; they were fortunate enough to realize that their daughter possessed talent, and they urged and encouraged her to develop it, which she has done to her everlasting credit. In the course of human events Miss Maggie Whiteman became aware of the fact that it was not good for woman to dwell alone in this cold world, so she became united

in marriage to Mr. C. C. Steward, secretary and manager of the Grand United Order of Galilean Fishermen, which was organized in 1854, and chartered by the legislatures of eight States.

The early training and schooling which Mrs. Steward received enables her to discharge all the new and exacting duties which has been thrust upon her, without much difficulty. In 1897 she became the editor of *The Ship*, the official organ of the Grand United Order of Galilean Fishermen, and as a logical, forcible and fascinating writer Mrs. Steward cannot be surpassed by any woman of the Afro-American race, and she will or can measure arms with the ablest women writers of any race, and ranks shoulder to shoulder with the men. It is always a source of much pleasure to read the productions from her pen, which certainly must be dipped in golden ink, for the practical ideas and the sound advice which she hands out to the many thousands of readers of *The Ship* are truly golden.

She is not only a fluent and versatile

writer, but she is also a charming conversationalist and lecturer, and as Noble Governess of the Order which she so ably and credibly represents, she



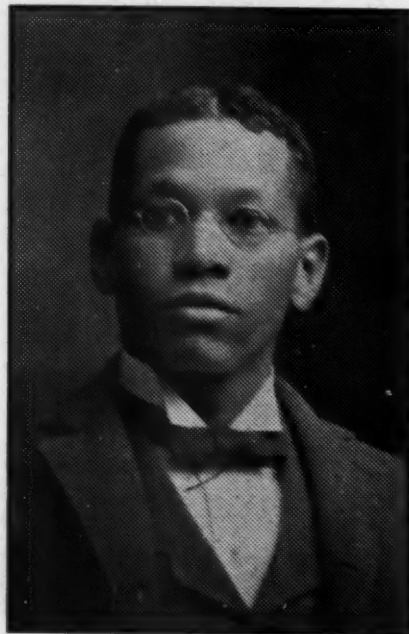
THE LATE MRS. MAMIE S. JOHNSON,
New York, N. Y. *See page 389.*

has delivered her favorite lecture on "A Swing Around the Circle," and many others, before audiences composed of both races throughout the Southern States, the Eastern States and Canada. Being cultured to a high degree, firm and steadfast in what she conceives to be right and just, Mrs. Steward has and is accomplishing a great work by instilling and inculcating purer thoughts and higher ideals into the minds of all women who have the pleasure of coming in contact with her or who read her writings, which enables them in every way to live better and nobler lives.

Largely through the efforts of Mrs. Steward the order which she is so prominently identified with has bought an extensive plantation at Nottoway, located in Nottoway County, Va., and it and the buildings upon it cost over \$21,000. There the aged and the disabled members of the Order are provided with a comfortable home free

until the end of time. There also is located the Orphan Home of the Order, where the orphan children of the members are cared for, educated and taught various trades. Mrs. Steward spends much of her time on the plantation in superintending its affairs and in looking after the wants and comforts of the Old Folks and the children.

Her labors in the interest of the Galilean Fishermen does not stop here, but the Order has recently purchased a large farm in Tuscaloosa County, Ala., which consists of over two hundred acres of land, and it is the intention of the Order or the institution to conduct scientific farming, saw-milling, brick-yards, cotton ginning, modern dairying, and such other industries as may from time to time prove advisable. In order to further this worthy project or undertaking the legislature of Alabama, on the 17th day of February last, passed a bill giving the Order the right



PROF. WM. H. DAMMOND, C. E.,
Detroit, Mich. *See page 390*

to take the criminal boys of the State, with a single eye to reforming and educating them as Mrs. Steward and her associates deem best. Her work in

connection with the Alabama farm does not leave her much time to devote to fads and those other useless and foolish things which occupy the time of so many women who drift through life.

This extraordinary and remarkable woman still has other labors to perform aside from those herein enumerated. The United Order of Galilean

A beautiful life was hers and her tragic death was a deep-felt blow to her many friends. She was an influential member of the St. Philips P. E. Church of New York City. At the age of twenty she was married to Henry E. Johnson, which proved a very happy union, and they were blessed with a baby girl. The mother's health failing she was sent



MRS. MAGGIE WHITEMAN STEWARD, BRISTOL, VA.

See page 387.

Fishermen not only manufactures all the regalia for its own members, but it also manufactures regalias, banners and badges for other societies, thus giving employment to many young women of our race. This department is also under the watchful care of Mrs. Steward, who is a thorough business woman, and an honor to all women.

Mrs. Mamie S. Johnson, lately deceased, was born in New York City.

to the mountains, where she remained until sufficiently improved to return home for a short visit. She fixed upon her mother's birthday as a suitable time for this visit. While waiting for the train to arrive, Mrs. Johnson stood with friends upon the depot platform. The train arrived suddenly, with more than usual speed, thus knocking over much baggage which was to be taken on. This, in turn threw Mrs. Johnson off her feet, under the wheels of the moving train.

Her funeral was held from her church, her pastor, Rev. Bishop, officiating, with the assistance of Rev. Clifton of St. David's Church.

Mr. Isaiah F. Evans, a prominent pharmacist of Hartford, Conn., is employed by the F. B. Edwards Drug Co., and has secured an enviable reputation with the Drug Clerk's Association.

Mr. Evans is one of three licensed colored pharmacists in the State. A mention will be given of the other two in an early number of our magazine.

Mr. Evans is a genial and popular young man, and holds the post of 1st Lieutenant of Uniform Rank Branch of the E. C. Day Lodge, K. of P.

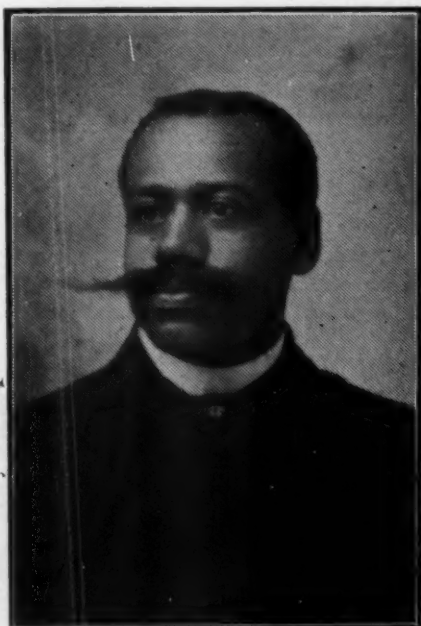
Prof. Wm. H. Dammond was born in the "City of Superlatives," Pittsburg, Pa. He is the son of the late Edward Dammond and of Lucy Dammond, who was formerly Miss Lucy Dorsey of Winchester, Va.



ISAIAH F. EVANS,
Hartford, Conn.

Surrounded, as one is in Pittsburg, not only by smoke and hills, but also by thrift, enterprise and genius, what

wonder then that ambition should tower above the haze and ascend to lofty heights? From bootblack to newsboy,



REV. A. L. DEMOND,
New Orleans, La.

See page 357.

from newsboy to typo, from typo to the learned profession of a civil engineer mark the gradation by which the professor has risen. It was while attending his Alma Mater, Western University of Pennsylvania, that he spent his evenings setting type in order to assist in supporting himself in college.

He was graduated from college with the degree of civil engineer at the early age of twenty, being the first negro graduate of Western University of Pennsylvania. Desiring to supplement his college work in electricity by post-graduate study of that science, a few weeks after graduation he entered the students' course of the Westinghouse Electric Company, where he remained for thirteen months.

Having been induced by persons recognizing his ability as a scholar and his utility to the race, to enter some negro institution of higher learning, the young civil engineer applied for and was elected to the chair of mathematics in

Paul Quinn College, Waco, Texas. This position he held two successive years, resigning only to fill a similar po-



CHARLES T. ALSDORF,
Newburg, N. Y.

See page 398.

sition in the "mother institution," Wilberforce University, at Wilberforce, Ohio.

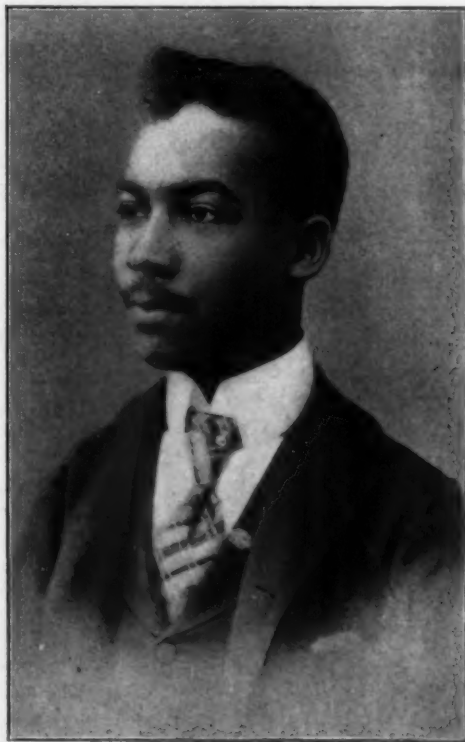
During the professor's stay at Wilberforce, he was called to Pittsburg to furnish expert testimony in an engineering controversy then pending in the Allegheny county courts. On arriving at the scene of the trial, he learned that he was the only expert the prosecution had retained, while the defense had secured the services of one of the oldest and most prominent engineering firms in Pennsylvania. The fight between the experts of the opposing sides was protracted and warmly contested, but resulted in a victory for the prosecution. Prof. Dammond's manner of discussing technical points adduced by himself and his opponents caused the opposing attorney in his address to the jury, to concede the high mathematical attainments of "the colored engineer" in the case.

At present, Prof. Dammond is in the

employ of the Michigan Central Railroad, being one of its assistant bridge engineers.

Prof. Dammond is a thorough race man, and never loses an opportunity of encouraging racial enterprise by whatever patronage he can give. He is a member of Bethel A. M. E. Church, Detroit, Mich., and assistant superintendent of the Sabbath School. Though not an active politician himself, he is an uncompromising foe to the idea held by many that all negroes should cease to be politicians, vigorously maintaining at all times that the race's political activities should be reformed, but not destroyed.

A little over a year ago, Prof. Dammond married Miss Mabel Moffard, of Detroit, the result of the union being William H., Jr., a lively little fellow four

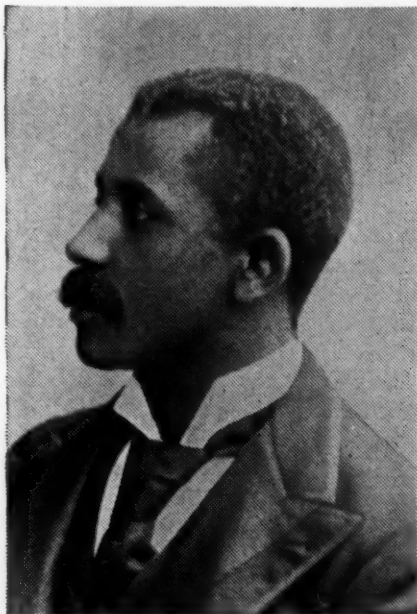


SIMON P. ALSDORF,
Newburg, N. Y.

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months old. Mrs. Dammond bears the distinction of being the first negro graduate of the Ypsilanti High School,

at Ypsilanti, Mich. Immediately after graduating she became a primary teacher in the colored schools of Waco,



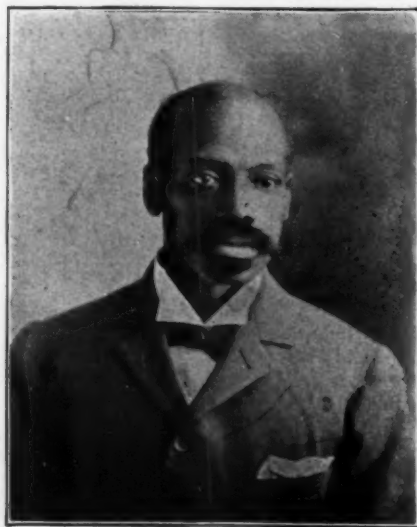
C. HENRY TINSLEY,
San Francisco, Cal.

Texas. But being of a progressive and studious disposition, and possessing high intellectual endowment, she was rapidly promoted, until she became instructor in Latin in the Waco Colored High School, which position she held until a short while before her marriage.

Among the progressive Negroes of this country, whose success has been attained through self-exertion, may be mentioned Mr. Henry L. Sanders, the well-known haberdasher and manufacturer of Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Sanders began business in a very small way, receiving the usual rebuffs and experiencing the ups and downs which characterize the adventures of the average colored business man. His unquestioned honesty, attention to business, and promptness to duty have been the watch words of his success. In a single room, with no help but his own hands, he began the manufacturing of waiters' and cooks' jackets, bar, barber and butchers' coats, and other goods along that line. His business has

so increased as to convince the most fastidious that the Negro is a success in the business world. At present Mr. Sanders is doing a large business in his original line, and in addition conducting one of the largest stores for gents' furnishing goods and haberdashing in general, in the city of Indianapolis. He gives employment to a dozen or more people, including traveling men, and his goods are used and demanded all over the country.) We present an excellent likeness of Mr. Sanders to the readers of the Magazine, and trust it may prove an impetus to young colored boys to strive to succeed through their own efforts and exertions.

Mr. C. Henry Tinsley, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a native of Virginia, and one of the best known colored actors on the Pacific Coast. He organized the Bay City Democratic Club in 1891, and is at present the stage manager of the Shakesperean Stock Co., of San Francisco, Cal. In both tragic and



HENRY L. SANDERS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

romantic acting Mr. Tinsley has few equals among his race. His Damon in Damon and Pythias; Appius Claudius in Virginius and Shylock from the Mer-

chant of Venice deserves especial mention. He possesses rare versatile talent and is an ardent student in classical literature and the drama; and as a Thespian he will surely pave his way to success.

Among the younger set of women in Chicago who are fast forging them-

accomplished pianist, and can converse and correspond in the German language as fluently as in English. She is poetically as well as artistically inclined, and samples of her poetry have appeared from time to time in the Chicago daily papers.

Mrs. Blackwell was born in London, Eng., July 16th, 1882. Her father, a native of Jamaica, B. W. I., went to



MRS. FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER.

See page 366.

selves to the front rank in the business world is Violette Neatly-Blackwell, stenographer and court reporter, whose likeness appears in this issue of the Colored American Magazine.

Besides being one of Chicago's leading court reporters, Mrs. Blackwell is an adept with the needle. Many of the homes of the Smart Set are graced by her delicate laces, artistic embroidery and Mexican drawn work. She is an

England when quite a boy to be educated, and her mother came from the shores of beautiful Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. The family came to America in 1884, locating in Chicago.

Mrs. Blackwell is a product of the public and high schools of Chicago, and of the Chicago Athenaeum Business College. At an early age she exhibited marked talent in the field of literature, and at the age of eleven, in

a contest among public school children conducted by the Chicago Record, she received a brevet of authorship for an



HENRY C. GIBSON,
Peoria, Ill.

excellent story, which was afterwards published in full in an issue of that paper.

At the age of twelve she received the first prize in a literary contest conducted by the Chicago branch of the Girl's Friendly Society, which is an established society of most Episcopal churches in England, the West Indies and America. She was in competition with seventy-two others, all of whom were white and older. The prize, a gold-bowled spoon, with the society's motto engraved in it, is one of her most treasured possessions.

Mrs. Blackwell is one of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Colored Women's Business Club, and a communicant at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church.

Besides the onerous duties, domestic as well as professional, she spares a part of her valuable time to the Colored American Magazine, she being one of our Chicago agents.

One of the noteworthy men of the Afro-American race in the State of Illinois is H. C. Gibson, of Peoria. Few men have risen from lowly and trying circumstances to such a position of honor. His career is one that reflects credit upon the race he represents. He was born in Boonville, Mo., Dec. 25, 1853, and at the age of eleven went west by the ox-team route. In 1869 he returned to Boonville, after spending some time in the wilds of Montana. At the age of sixteen he entered the school room for the first time as a pupil. The Hon. J. Milton Turner was his first teacher. Young Gibson made rapid progress in his studies and soon became assistant teacher under Prof. Joseph Pelham, now of Hannibal, Mo. After spending a year at Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, Mo., he came to the state of Illinois and entered the high school at Princeton, Burrau Co., Ill., graduat-



PHILIP M. SUNDAY,
Paducah, Ky.

See page 395.

ing June 6, 1879. The same year he came to Peoria and entered the employ of George W. Rouse & Son, dealers in

farm machinery, bicycles, etc. He remained with this firm and the Rouse Hazard Co., as manager of the shipping department until Oct. 15, 1898, filling the position with entire satisfaction.

He is a prominent leader in political circles, having been president of the Fifer Republican Club since its organization over twelve years ago. This is the oldest colored Republican club in the state, and is quite a factor in state

ing school in Texas, Thomas, Sophie and Samuel. Mrs. Gibson is well and favorably known, and a leader in both church and social work. They have a beautiful home on Longworth Avenue.

Mr. Gibson has been appointed Deputy Sheriff of Peoria and is serving his second term.

A man with such a record in his own home is a living argument in favor of the possibilities of the race along the



PRICE A. ADAMS, CHICAGO, ILL.

See page 397.

as well as local politics. Mr. Gibson is also an active Free Mason, and has held the honored position of Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge since 1893. Aside from all his business, political and fraternal duties, he finds time to work for the Master in church and Sunday School.

On coming to Peoria, he united with the First Congregational Church of this city and has been an active member ever since.

Mr. Gibson is married, and has a charming family, consisting of a wife and four children—Carrie, now teach-

lines of social and economic advancement, and his accomplishments should be an inspiration to the young men of our race to let nothing retard their progress. What Mr. Gibson has done each one can do, and even more. All that is needed is to realize there is no such word as fail.

Philip M. Sunday is one of the brightest young men of Paducah, Ky. He is engaged in the drug business, having bought out the W. H. Lancaster & Co.'s stock. Having decided on the profession he would follow, he prepared

himself thoroughly for the work. Having finished the classical course at Fisk University, he took a course in the Meharry Pharmaceutical College of Walden University, receiving the degree of Ph. C.

While still a student at this school he was examined by the Tennessee Board of Pharmacy with nine other applicants—seven of these being white.

While in school he received a number of honors. He filled all the positions on the "Fisk Herald," the college paper, from the devil to the editor. He was also president of the leading literary club in Fisk, the "Excelsior Literary Club."

He has now chosen Paducah for his future home, and he proves a great addition to this thriving Kentucky town.



MISS ALICE SIMMS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Out of the ten, Mr. Sunday was the only one that was successful in receiving a certificate of registration.

A few months later he passed a successful examination before the Kentucky Board of Pharmacy. In this examination, there were thirty-one failures—all whites.

Mr. Sunday has always been a faithful worker and a bright student, and is now an excellent pharmacist.

Miss Alice Simms is a daughter of Mr. George S. Simms, an old employee of the Third National Bank of St. Louis, Mo. Miss Simms belongs to the younger set and is quite an amateur actress; she is much for entertainments given for charitable purposes. Miss Simms recently graduated from the Sumner High and Normal Schools.

Miss Clara S. Hutt is the oldest daughter of Mr. Branch Hutt of St. Louis, Mo., who is one of the oldest employees in the postal service. Miss Hutt is a cultured young lady and possesses a soprano voice of rare qualities. She has just returned from Paris, where she has been sojourning

est endeavor and perseverance obtained employment with Mr. Lincoln J. Carter, the great playwright and theatre manager. Mr. Carter at once perceived the rare and natural ability for art, undeveloped as it was, and sent him to the Chicago National Art Institute, where he is now making the best possible use



MISS CLARA S. HUTT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

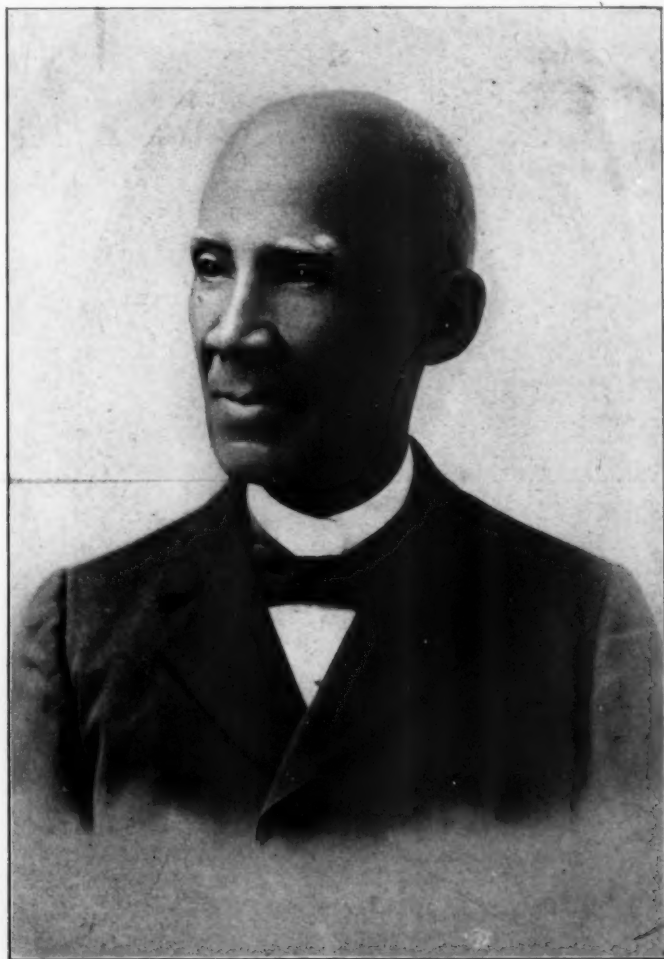
Price A. Adams is a Lexington, Ky. boy, whose talent for drawing and painting has been recognized by some of the acknowledged leaders in the arts. Born some twenty years ago, he early evinced a passion for sketching. Trees, ponds, figures animate and inanimate, anything, everything became subjects of his pencil. He received a common school education, but his parents were unable to gratify his desire for higher study, especially in his loved art. In 1898 he came to Chicago, and by earn-

of his great opportunity, and promises to fulfill the expectations of his benefactor. His scenic work is excellent, and much of it is used in the curtaining of Mr. Carter's theatre in Chicago. A connoisseur who accidentally came upon one of a pair of vases painted by Mr. Adams, remarked that the person who painted that was capable of reaching almost unlimited heights in the art of painting, were his genius cultivated. Mr. Adams has profited by the remark, and with the aid of Mr. Carter, in the

near future we may hear that this young man is holding his own among the artists of the predominating race.

A musical family are the Alsdorfs, and they have completely captured Newburgh, N. Y., as chronicled in "The Daily Press," of that city:

Father Salley, the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers were present together with the parents of the children. The youthful dancers were clothed in their very best, and they danced to the splendid music of the Alsdorf's with a grace and precision which would put many of their elders to shame. Prof.



PROF. D. B. ALSDORF, NEWBURG, N. Y.

"The children of St. Patrick's school had the time of their lives a short time since, for it was the occasion of the first reception of their dancing class, and two hundred and fifty of them joined in this popular diversion. The hall was beautifully decked in lavender, green and white, and palms and other plants made a garden of the stage.

Alsdorf and his sons have worked wonders with the young people, who went through a most varied program. The average dance has lancers, waltzes and two-steps, and the children had all these and the three-step schottische, the two-step waltz, the seaside polka, and others as well.

The fancy dances particularly brought

out the applause of the spectators, the work of the children in the three-step schottische which involves the grace of the minuet with the more spirited schottische and two-step, was really phenomenal. The same criticism holds good for the other dances.

The children were perfectly delighted with the event, which was a distinct innovation. The children, Father Salley, the Sisters, the Brothers, and Profs. D. B. and Charles Alsdorf shared in the general congratulation."

Prof. Alsdorf has been teaching danc-



ULYSSES J. ALSDORF, NEWBURG, N. Y.

Leader of Alsdorf's Orchestra.

The grand march of the larger children was led by Nicholas Powell, Jr. and Miss Margaret Delaney, while that of the tots was led by Madeline Brennan and Catherine Fitzpatrick.

A feature was a military drill given by a corps of thirty boys. These, under the command of Rev. Bro. Anthony, executed military movements with the promptness, ease and grace of regulars.

ing classes in Newburg for forty years past, and he says "never during that period has he had a larger and more intelligent body of pupils.

The aged professor personally received all the guests as they arrived, and was apparently the happiest of the assemblage, grasping each new arrival by the hand, speaking a word to this one, offering suggestions to another.

Charles T. Alsdorf, who has been his right hand man during the trying season now closed, assisted him in looking after the welfare of the guests. Mrs. Alsdorf, motherly old lady, looked after the comfort of the little ones that

music is almost as popular as Alsdorf's dances, and last evening it sounded even better than usual. The festivities were continued until about 2 o'clock, when the finale came, and the Soiree Dan-sante, or popular reception, was ended.



CORPORAL GEO. G. ANDERSON, OF PADUCAH, KY.
Headquarters Clerk, 25th Infantry, U. S. A.

no draught or wind should pass over them to endanger health. About 8.30 the orchestra took position and rendered a select program of music. When this had been concluded, dancing was in order, and the scene presented as the young people came on the floor and went through their evolutions, was one that beggered description. Alsdorf's

Mr. George G. Anderson is at present a member of Co. K. 25th Infantry. He served as private and corporal in that famous regiment, the 8th Illinois Infantry, U. S. Vols., serving six months in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. He re-enlisted in the regular army May 18, 1899, at Evansville, Ind.,

and has been in the Philippines since August 1st, 1899.

The portrait that is published in this issue is a representation of field service uniform. Mr. Anderson was relieved from duty as Headquarter Clerk at his own request, April 26th, 1901, re-joined his company May 2d, 1901.

It is said that Mr. Anderson entered the regular army to attain a practical knowledge of military science, but missel his aim, as more than two-thirds of his enlistment has been consumed in the performance of clerical duties assigned him by superior officers both in the Volunteers and Regulars. He says he likes Cuba better than the Philippines, because the Cubans are closer allied to his race by nature and are more industrious than the Filipinos.

The bells at St. Augustine's Episcopal Church of Boston, Mass., the only colored church in this country having a set of chimes, were played on Easter Sunday by Mr. George Ruffin, organist.

J. H. Deveaux has been reappointed Collector of the Port of Savannah. Some opposition to him had been shown owing to his color, but the administration of his office had been commended by the business men of Savannah without regard to party.

Miss Violet Johnson, of Summit,

N. J., was born in Wilmington, North Carolina. Her bright and cheerful disposition was apparent even as a child, and at an early age she began her work of brightening the lives of those less fortunate than herself. In 1887 she was appointed assistant teacher in the missionary school—in charge of the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society of Chicago, of which Miss M. E. Dobbins was the head teacher. In this field of labor she found much success, and was a faithful worker among the children, who loved her devotedly. The same year she was sent to Boston to meet the Chicago gathering at a National Convention, and made an address in Tremont Temple in behalf of the work in Wilmington. In 1892 she moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., and united with the Concord Baptist Church, and taught for two years in the Sunday School under Superintendent Dodson.

Circumstances causing her removal to Summit, New Jersey, she became actively engaged in mission work in the town, and was instrumental in starting the first and only Baptist mission there—under Rev. J. W. Spruill. Besides the presidency of the Hypatia Club, which she organized, she is Vice-President of the Douglas Memorial Literary Society of the Fountain Baptist Church, and active in all the good work of the town, her upright and noble character being an inspiration and help to all who are associated with her. Miss Johnson is agent for "The Colored American Magazine" in Summit, N. J.

THE FUTURE OF THE AFRO-AMERICAN.

R. M. HALL, M.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

This is a question that concerns not only the intelligent and educated people among the whites, but also is one that the better thinking portion of the colored people is very much alarmed about. The Act of Emancipation liberated a mass of people who previously had no responsibility, no conception of liberty, whose habits had been

formed under the domination of a master class. The conditions under which they once existed were transmuted to a condition for which they were utterly and entirely unprepared. While liberty is essential to character, it is also necessary that it bring in its train responsibility. True character can only be formed by a concentration of

effort to do those things which Christian doctrine and the moral code teaches. The nations of the earth which are the most highly civilized are those whose conception of Christianity and morality shine out most brightly as the beacon upon a hill. It has taken years and centuries of the teaching of Christ disseminated from every church and school house to bring about an advanced state of civilization. When the masses of the people are ignorant and superstitious, then we find degradation, sloth, crime and immorality. On the other hand, when an individual or nation has once been in the depths of infamy and vice and is suddenly transmuted to a condition of power and greatness, the reaction is too sudden and grave and excesses are indulged in. Think of a physician whose patient has been very ill from one of the essential fevers, permitting said patient to indulge to excess in eating or drinking, what result is surely to follow. The last state of said patient is worse than the first.

Our people once were simple, child-like and bland. Their intellects were enfeebled, their bodies only made to perform certain tasks, their ideas of Christianity and morality were vague, crude and immaterial, and they had no conception of the duties pertaining to a high state of civilization.

Shakespeare says "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them; the latter seems to have been the condition as regards the colored man. There was thrust upon them conditions and circumstances which their enfeebled minds, owing to their previous position in society, were unable to fully grasp and hold. Now, as I've said above, while liberty is essential to character, character is the main spring of true civilization. Liberty does not include license. Liberty permits the individual to do or not to do; character is the moral force or influence which permeates the individual or race and makes of him or them persons of strong moral traits, which means the estimate attached to them

by the community in general. Now as character is as quoted above, what is essential for the people to attain it? One writer has said, give me a child to train in my religion, subject to the environments which I will place around him or her for the first ten or twelve years of its life, and I will defy any one to change it.

Now in the upbuilding of character we should commence at the infant in its mother's arms. Teach it, from the time it begins to lisp, habits of cleanliness and that its duty is to obey parental instruction. A great duty devolves upon the mothers of the coming generation. Are her children to become degenerates, or are they to be made noble specimens of mature manhood? Is she to train or permit them to grow up in sloth, idleness, viciousness or immorality, or will she by precept and example make of them true, upright and honorable citizens of the community? The Sabbath school and the day school are only adjuncts to the proper moral and mental training of the young child. It is within her power to make or mar her offspring. Is not every mother proud that her progeny is noble, true and good? A great responsibility also rests upon the fathers of the rising generation. They should foster and encourage mothers in the proper development of their children in order that they may grow up to be useful and honorable citizens. The future of the Afro-American depends largely upon environments and proper training of the youth of today. We have our destiny in our own hands. Shall we permit all opportunities to be frittered away. Is it not the duty of the clergy to instill wholesome and honorable principles into the minds of the people, state to them clearly and positively their bounden duty and keep fresh before their minds the inevitable consequences of failure to observe all laws, physical, moral and divine? Another thing which is essential to the well being of the colored race is absolving themselves of from all mean, low and petty prejudices. When they see one of their number enter trade, busi-

ness or one of the professions, their unbounden duty is to give him or her all their influence they possibly can. Give him or her a large measure of their patronage, so as to enable them to become members of standing in their respective situations. If one is built up in his trade, business or profession you thus enable him to employ others in his business, you enable him to become an extensive employer, you give him standing and greatness in his business; by so doing others will be able to enter into business, giving employment to large numbers of his race, and you will then find that all others in business are ready and willing to give him encouragement, support and patronage as well as prestige in the community. The higher and loftier one establishes himself, shows the adaptability of the race to succeed in life. Let the better class of colored people frown down upon vice, crime and immorality; illustrate to the powers that be that the colored people as a whole

detest crime; that the criminal classes are their enemies as well as the enemies of the State; have no collusion with crime in its various forms and be ready at any and all times to uphold the State in the punishment of violators of its laws.

And finally I would ask the white citizens of our country to aid abet and assist those who are struggling for better manhood. Encourage them in their endeavors to make of themselves good, true and honorable citizens of the land.

Give credit to them for their endeavors to exalt their race in their upward movement, and in due course of time they will be felt in the community as a power working together for the good of the whole people. I would have them know that there are among the colored race true specimens of mature manhood who are working for the purpose of leavening the whole people.

THE COLORED MAN'S RELATION TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC AND THE REPUBLIC'S RELATION TO HIM.

T. GILBERT HAZEL.

There need be no doubt as to the greatness of the American Republic. She is great in actual wealth; great in possibilities: being pregnant with men of inventive genius. But the true greatness of a Republic must not be judged by the mere existence of these, but rather by the manner in which these are expressed in her body politic—through her institutions—through her customs and laws, and by the principles of equity upon which these laws are exercised, as well as their effectiveness in ameliorating the social conditions of all classes of her citizens.

The American Republic, making these pretensions, and other nations ac-

knowledging her greatness to the extent of adopting some features of her system of government, let us at once concede her greatness. Yet, great as the American Republic is, the colored man having played no mean part in the development of her resources, the Republic has, through her Constitution,—that Constitution by which she, as a nation, ranks not the least among the civilized nations of the earth, and by which, she, most proudly acknowledges herself to be governed,—through the fourteenth amendment of this Constitution the colored man of her soil, has been most justly considered, as a part of her body politic.

While it is true, that, a Constitution in itself does not, and can not create the elements necessary for the making of good citizenship, yet, in so far as it commands respect, it can so stimulate inherent virtues, and so assist, both in their direction and in their development, that the best possible results might accrue to both the citizen and to the Republic. And since, without argument, it is considered that the colored man possesses virtues calculated to develop into strong American citizenship, it might not be out of place to briefly consider: His Relation to the American Republic, and the Republic's Relation, or Indebtedness to Him.

I.

HIS RELATION TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC IS THAT OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

He is an American Citizen.—He is such, not simply by a mere "expression of intention to become an American citizen," for to him such a privilege was not granted by the cruel bands of brigands, who, nearly three hundred years ago, stole his ancestors from their native land and cattalized them to America; nor is he an American citizen through the presentation of "naturalization papers"—forged or otherwise—for such the American people required not of his ancestors, nor of their captors, nor even of their American purchasers, who, while in quest of "freedom of conscience and liberty of actions," flinched not from the opportunity to bargain in human flesh—to shackle and finally to cattalize his ancestors and their offspring. Then what makes him an American citizen?

I. *He is an American Citizen by Birth.*—Having been born on her soil, the benefits of American citizenship are his rightful heritage. As expressed in Sec. 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, "All persons born—in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside." *America is his home.* The sooner he realizes this, the

better it will prove both for him and his heirs. For then, before allowing himself to be crowded out of his native domicile, by any foreign race, he will stand up in defence of his home, his fireside, and his children, for his natural rights, even at the expense of the last drop of his life's blood.

2. Not only by birth is he an American citizen, but also *through toil and efforts.* To no class of citizens is the Republic more indebted on this line than to her citizens of color. For no class of her citizens has purchased citizenship at a cost so appalling and received so little returns in the way of protection, while seeking to discharge the duties involved in that citizenship. The imprints of the memorials of his toil and efforts might be expressed in the word: "*legends.*"

These might be seen in highways hewed through the almost impenetrable forests, in canals dug for the widening of the nation's commerce, in boulders blasted and chiselled out for the construction of both public and private edifices; also in the cultivation of the Republic's soil—the sustaining power of the American people. So that, at once, the colored man becomes the acknowledged link inseparable, in the commercial development of the American Republic. Furthermore:—

3. *He is an American Citizen Through Loyalty.*—The loyalty of the colored man to the Republic has never been questioned; but like his other virtues, it has been too often overlooked. In the past, the "Stars and Stripes" has never floated over a more loyal class of American citizens, than that class to which he belongs. In the past, no class of citizens on the soil of the Republic, has responded more readily than he, to a call to defend America's honor, and to maintain the Republic's dignity. Space will not permit a discussion of his loyalty to America, even during the Revolutionary war, in which thousands fought, bled, and died—for America's independence from the dictatorship of the mother country. Nor need I stop to recount his loyalty to the Republic during the Civil war; nor his patriotic responses to his country's

call, in the more recent war against Spain, in behalf of Cuba's freedom from Spanish atrocities, and for her independence. But, in addition to this, his loyalty to the Republic's institutions are too often unnoticed.

Never has he formed a conspiracy to destroy an American institution; unless it was that damnable institution of slavery, which was a curse to civilization as well as to the nation, and which ought to have been destroyed. Yet, while his cruel master was on the field of battle, fighting to tighten upon him and his children, the shackles of a base slavery, strange to say, he was made the custodian of the virtue of that very master's home; who, on returning, found his home as pure, morally, as when he left it,—presenting not even the semblance of revenge upon his defenceless children, nor even upon the sacred womanhood of his wife. Is this paralleled in the history of civilization? This is humanity! This is loyalty!—loyalty to a trust solely committed to him, which was not sequeled by the expression: "Lynched for the usual crime."

As an American citizen, it becomes his duty to work as other American citizens for the highest welfare of the Republic. Everything which concerns the Republic's highest interest should be a matter of interest to him. For instance: "The Nicaragua canal treaty," "the Cuban question," "the Philippine question," "reciprocity," "tariff reform," etc. With these, he, as other American citizens, should acquaint himself, and also consider their bearing upon the solution of a problem of which he himself is a part. Furthermore, let him also see that he does not ostracise himself from proper recognition, by a foolish indifference, or through an over-sensitiveness leading to undue clanishness, or racial segregation by which he sets himself on public exhibition, thereby inviting unnecessary criticisms.

But, rather, let him judiciously enter into the Republic's industrial pursuits; let him seek to become so interwoven in her commercial, banking, railroad and

other enterprises, that when the guns of southern or northern; eastern or western, race prejudice are turned against him, it will prove a case of Hobson in Morro's castle, viz.: To fire upon him might possibly mean a slaughter of blood relationship or of members of the firing clan.

Having considered his relation to the Republic, let us now consider:

II.

The Republic's Relation, or Indebtedness to the Colored Man. Having made and acknowledged him an American citizen:—

It becomes the Republic's duty to provide for his social development. — This is dutied to the American Republic, that his citizenship may prove a blessing, both to him and to the Republic; rather than a curse to both, by being left alone—unprotected in the hands of his former masters, many of whom have yet to realize that the colored man, is not only a freedman, but is also an American citizen. Therefore, a general provision for his social development is not sufficient.

The Republic, then, should see that he is socially developed, through a system of compulsory education, indiscriminately enforced throughout the South.

(a) From an *intellectual* point of view, conditions in the South warrant the adoption of such a system. The educational system in most States of the South, ought to be changed; and this, not simply for the benefit of the South, and much less solely for the benefit of the colored man and his children, but equally because, the future welfare and honor of the whole Republic demand it.

For *no* system of education is worthy of the name American, which attempts to educate the boys and girls of the country by schooling them three or four months during the year, and meanwhile allowing them, even during this allotted time, to be subjected to intervals of absence, by having to labor in the fields, in compliance with some contract made between their untutored parents and their former masters—

many of whom are openly opposed to the education of children of color, and not too much in favor of the education of their own.

(b) The demand for such a system is evident from an *industrial* standpoint. In this day of industrial combinations, forced on through industrial competition, the heads of industries are forced to man our industries on a strict economic system, in order to avoid unnecessary wear on the machinery, and the unnecessary waste of physical labor, as well as, any unnecessary waste of raw material. This becomes necessary, in order to successfully compete with both the home and foreign markets. Add to this the granted demand for higher wages and shorter hours, and there is need, neither of Herbert Spencer, nor of Sydney Webb to point out to us, just why our industries in the South, as well as in the North, are crying out, in unmistakable terms, for *intelligent skilled labor*—labor possessing some mathematical or calculative ability. It follows, therefore, that as the colored man is largely represented in one of the great industrial sections of the Republic, and as he will ever be found "*somewhere in the Republic*," and so it is always to a community's interest to prevent the creation of paupers, is it not then to the Republic's interest, as well as it becomes her moral duty, to see that he—the natural born American citizen—be able to at least keep pace with the alien laborer, who, too often, selfishly seeks to control our industries?

(c) There is an evident demand for such a system from a *moral* point of view: If it be true that the ground of moral obligation is found in our apprehension of right, and that the susceptibility of the conscience largely depends upon the character of the mental training, and if it be also true that viciousness is a fruit of ignorance, might we not justly and logically assume that compulsory education would have a wholesome moral effect upon the South, and upon the Republic, of which the South is an important part? Furthermore, the future of no country's moral welfare is secured, which sanc-

tions the existence of a prison system, in any of its parts, which imperils the future well-being of the young boys and girls of any class of her citizens, to the extent of allowing such boys and girls, at the tender age of eleven years, to be torn from their parents—to be imprisoned for petty offences and finally shackled by the side of matured criminals, *with no provision made for their education or for their reformation*. Yet to the National Government, such a system, and such conditions, are known to exist in some parts of our great Republic, which is now engaged in the work of "Benovolent Assimilation" in the Philippine archipelago—thousands of miles across the Pacific. Are we not inclined to ask: "Does charity begin at home?"

What, then, becomes the Republic's duty to this needy class of citizens *at home*, as represented in the colored man of the South? If the Republic would save herself from a national disgrace, resulting from laws pretentiously framed to dignify the American ballot,—by demanding of voters an "educational qualification,"—but which, in reality, are pernicious laws calculated to maintain, at the expense of every moral principle of democracy, "white supremacy" in the South, by withholding from her American born citizens of color, the very means of development, and of that qualification necessary to dignify the American ballot:—if, I say, our great American Republic would escape a merited rebuke, by contemporary sister nations, and, at the same time contribute her quota to the advancement of civilization, by lifting up those at home whom she has degraded, by enlightening those at home whom her laws held in darkness, is it not evident that our Federal Government must establish a system of *compulsory education* throughout the South, and through a direct agency see that it is indiscriminately enforced? Is this not necessary for the social betterment of both races of the South? Is this not necessary for her industrial benefit, as well as for the maintenance of the Republic's integrity?

Had the Federal Government, at the

close of the Civil war, adopted such a system, that is: compulsory education for the freedmen and the poor whites of the South, who doubts but that mob violence—organized lynching bands—now prevalent in some sections of the South, much to the shame of our country, would, in all probability, be wholly unknown? Who doubts, I ask, but that compulsory education would have proven, in effect, "the ounce of preventive," so that, now, it should not seem necessary to search Heaven and earth for the "pound of cure?" But is it the part of true statesmanship or of fore-sighted leadership to dwell upon the past? Or rather, is it to turn the attention to those things which the times and expediency demand? We therefore come to another important relation of the Republic to the colored man, viz.:—

The Republic is Obligated to Protect Him in the Enjoyment of His Natural Rights.—Among these is his right to dwell unmolested upon her soil. To a foreigner, who happens to know us only through books, written in praise of our democracy—of the excellency of our form of government, in contradistinction to some other forms of government, and, who has also read of our humanitarianism, as illustrated in our benevolent institutions, in our asylums for cats and dogs, and in the mighty works of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals"—such a statement, implying the necessity for National protection for one class of American citizens against the nefarious assaults of another class of American citizens, *must* seem quite out of place. But to those who are students of our existing conditions, evidence is not wanting to prove the appropriateness of the above statement. For the innumerable atrocities committed upon men of color, in some parts of the Republic, would fill volumes. Even at this writing the bulletins are reporting the fiendish work of a Kentucky mob, who, regardless of the law, have made two colored men their victims. The true statesman must see the awful results, which this daily and willful disregard for law and order is appropri-

ating. He must see the coming crisis, which this sportive revelry in human blood is creating; and which, if not soon quenched, will, inevitably, invite a racial response, the result of which is known only to the omniscient God. In the language of Webster: "God grant, that, in my day at least, that curtain, may not rise!" As space and time will not permit a further discussion of all points which would naturally fall under this division, we omit further discussion of his natural rights and proceed to consider the Republic's relation to him in regard to his political rights.

The Republic is obligated to see that the colored man enjoys his political rights according to the Constitution of our Federal Republic.—It must be admitted, that it is no easy task for the general government to remedy all the ills of her citizens, especially when these ills germinate in the province of local government—garrisoned by "State Rights." Nevertheless, since we have a representative form of government, supposed to be one "of the people, by the people, and for the people," it becomes the moral duty of the Federal Government to see that "State Rights" are not so usurped, by a State, or by a combination of States, to the extent of openly defying Federal interference through the enactment of any law, which makes void the Federal Constitution. Here I could wish that present conditions did not warrant any reference to the unpleasant conditions of the past! For in them, far be it my pleasure to revel! Here, I could also wish it were possible to not only "bury the axe," but even to consign to the bottomless sea, or to oblivion waters, those unpleasant memories of the past, which still make humanity shudder! But,—that Utopian situation is not yet reached. Yet, let us hope for it, — through the co-operation of the National and local governments of our Federal Republic on lines of justice.

We now come to consider the Republic's relation to that much discussed phase of the political rights of the colored man: The Republic is duties to protect him in the enjoyment of the rights of suffrage. Here sits en-

throned the big "Bug-Bear" of the South which she creates by attaching to it: "*Black Supremacy, a thing not even aimed at—a thing as impracticable as impossible.*" But, incidentally referring to some matters of the past, pertinent to the present discussion, we note that ever since the removal of the Federal troops from the South, which removal left the colored man largely at the mercy of his former master, who had not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of the war to accept of the new situation, but who, on seizing the advantages offered him through "State Rights," has lost no time in quietly and systematically planning to regain his lost power. This fact is made clear from the present active combination of the Southern States, resulting from that assemblage of Southern governors, — all directing their activities to a legal illimination of the political rights of the colored man, by seeking the diplomatic enforcement of that illogical doctrine of Hayne, in contra-distinction to the broad, statesmanlike doctrine of Webster; thereby, hurling defiance in the face of our Federal Government, by making void our Federal Constitution, —that mighty bulwark of American democracy,—that tried chart of the Republic.

The question then arises: has the Republic, as represented through the administration, sufficient moral backbone to enforce the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution? Has she, in this day of commercial greed, sufficient *political morality* to do her whole duty to those whom the nullification of these amendments are calculated to drastically affect? Will our Republic transfer to Hayne, the honor so justly accorded Webster? Will she yield to the sentiment of John C. Calhoun in reference to persons of color, instead of furthering the work done by Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Brooks, and men of their class?

But the argument is often advanced that the colored man was given the ballot *too soon*; therefore he should now, at this late day, after thirty-five years of acknowledged, unparalleled progress, suffer the consequence.

Let us notice some of the main points advanced in this notable argument—relative to his having been given the ballot too soon. First, because he was *too* ignorant. Grant his ignorance. But, who was responsible for his crude ignorance? Who forbade him to be taught to even read or write under penalty (in most communities) of death? What people are now, in some communities, opposing his education? Would, may I ask, the world have ever produced a Conklin, a Blaine, or a Gladstone, had they been shackled by local laws, sanctioned by a National government, prohibiting their social development, — being forced, thereby, to cherish ignorance?

Secondly: It is said that he was given the ballot soon soon, because he was too immoral. Ethically speaking, what class of American citizens form organized bands to visit the home of the peaceful citizen, — to murder him, whenever some petty differences arise? What class of American citizens has crimsoned the southern soil with the blood of innocent and defenceless men and women of color? What class of American citizens have committed deeds which must have caused the fiends of the lower regions to blush, and the "God of Heaven to have repented for having permitted their creation?" Yet such lessons in ethics have been given the colored man, by a nadvanced race. Will a thousand years of social culture of the colored American citizen, produce such shameful fruits? God forbid! But let us take the other phase—the lower phase of morality. And let us grant that there is some immorality among the colored race. This is to be regretted. But may I ask, is there a race on the American soil, that is *en toto*, morally pure? But in the case of the colored race, as represented in the colored man, who is responsible for this immorality referred to? Who so meanly robbed his maidens of that which Heaven honors—of that which largely determines the position or rank of a race with other races,—that, I say, by which the true moral greatness of a race must be judged, and which determines the true grandeur of a people,

whether found in the crude log cabin of the dark-hued American girl, or in the finely tapestried palace of a Caucasian queen? Who, I ask, robbed the maidens of the colored man's race of their virtue and taught them to so disregard the "marriage tie," that, even to-day, the present historian and the superintendent of the census scarcely know by what name to designate his race? I pause for a moment! The answer is present! — present — and much to the disgrace of southern chivalry and southern knighthood.

Then, ye Anglo-Saxons, "proud of your race," where is there room for thee to speak of the colored man's immorality? *that immorality which ye taught him to cherish in a way most practical* during those dark days when poor colored maidens were ruthlessly torn from their parents to be debauched,—demoralized, destroyed according to the vim and wish of their master and their master's sons? What! Have ye not read? Have ye not heard, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?" Is it really true, that Jupiter has placed the bag containing thy sins behind thee, while that of thy dark hued neighbor he has placed before thee?

But recurring to the argument in reference to the colored man, as having been given the ballot too soon, I beg to say, that, if at that time there existed in the South, an ideal state of affairs, warranting an ideal form of government, or a compact of ideal laws, the colored man,—the freedman of the South,—was given the ballot entirely too soon. But if, on the contrary, the state of affairs, consequent upon the war, was not ideal, so that the atmosphere was yet surcharged with the fumes of hatred,—of revenge of undying animosities,—rising from the defeated ex-masters of the newly made freedman, then, in reference to such a state of affairs, did not common sense, tact, and moral-diplomacy, dictate the proper course, or point out what might be termed the Greatest Political Expediency of The Times? And this from the following line of reasoning: viz., that since the newly-made freedman, and his former master — recently

conquered in battle — must live in the same community — side by side — is it not necessary that such means of defence be given him, as should prove a protection against possible undue encroachments of his defeated former master?—a means of defence most likely to promote the recognition of his citizenship, and, at the same time, inspire in him, American manhood,—foster in him love for a country which had wronged his race for over two centuries, through a base servitude? Do you ask what was this necessary means of defence, the granting of which proved The Greatest Political Expediency of the Times, in that it not only gave protection to the colored man, but also greater representation to the South in the Nation's Congress? Thinking of conditions, as then existed, and conceding that the colored man possesses some essentials in common with other men, to ask the question is to answer it. This means of defence, therefore, was evidently that which has proven the common inspiration of all peoples living under a democracy, namely: the Ballot. With it, the patriotism of a citizen of a democracy stands! Without it it falls—withers and dies!

Then, in regard to this political right of the colored man,—let the Federal Government permit the Southern States to legally disfranchise him, under any pretext whatever, and will not his voice be heard in true American accents: "taxation without representation is tyranny?" Withhold the American ballot from him,—the American born; for reasons other than those for which the same ballot is withheld from other citizens living in the same community; and yet, give it to foreigners,—many of whom flock here simply for gain or else to disseminate doctrines detrimental to the very maintenance of our American institutions, and is it not likely that he will be forced to curse the very sight of the Stars and Stripes of the Republic, for the honor of which he has ever stood ready to give the very last drop of his life's blood?

Furthermore, if, while granting to foreigners who, after living here only a few years, the right to handle the sacred American ballot, we deem it

necessary to withhold that same ballot from the loyal, self-sacrificing, industrious, American born citizen of color, thereby placing him in the position of the irrenconcilable Indian, why then, — since "Taxation Without Representation is Tyranny," require of him to pay a tax? Why not in this respect, too, treat him as the Indian? Would there not result from this consistency an unpleasant vacancy in the treasuries of those Southern States, now actively engaged in planning his serfdom, through the elimination of that political right, which is the correlate of a democracy?

But on the other hand, I allow myself to be second to none, in appreciating the importance of raising the standard of the American ballot. For, I think it is as bad policy to allow the ballot to permanently remain in the hand of the ignorant, as it is to allow it to remain in the hand of the unscrupulous politician. For this reason, I am not quite so anxious about the determined effort on the part of the Southern States, in their pretext for lifting the standard of suffrage, as I fear more a racial discrimination in the enforcement of their State constitution, whatever they make it. (Of course, I except that un-American—that base constitution of North Carolina, with its "grandfather clause.")

For even in the much discussed amendment of the Federal Constitution I see nothing contrary to the rights of a State to adopt an "educational qualification," if such be made to apply equally to all citizens, "regardless of race, color or previous condition." For this would give impetus to educational efforts and would hasten the destruction of ignorance, which is the present curse of the South. But even in this, the law respecting the apportionment of representation according to the number of eligible voter should not be made void, for reasons, too evident.

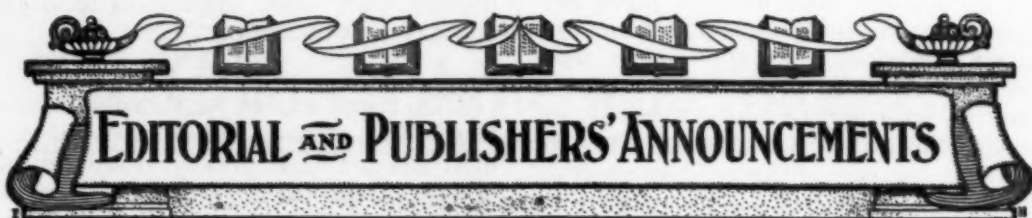
No democracy composed of such sundry classes of foreign elements, and which permits foreigners to citizenship, before digesting our institutional life, can afford to discriminate against the rights of her "natural born" citizens, without suffering the consequences of such inconsistency.

As one writer has recently and very forcibly stated that some flag rather than the "Stars and Stripes," may yet be unfurled over the soil of this Republic. Suffice it to say, that that writer "sees." "He sees," and only discretion has prevented him from telling us more of what he sees, and the possible results. Furthermore, it is possible that, amid our present mad aggression to gain commercial advantages over other nations, we may encounter another people, as strenuous as we ourselves. Diplomacy and arbitration may both fail; and the National differences may have to be settled on the battlefield.

Would not the Republic then feel the need of her loyal American born men of color to help defend her honor? For this conflict may not be with a nation like Spain,—unprepared for war. But rather, with a people equally prepared as ourselves! It will then be—"Greek meeting Greek."

When that crisis comes let not our vacillating Republic, as represented through the administration which prefers the maintenance of partyism to the discharge of her moral obligation to her citizens of color, which prefers yielding to commercial greed, at the expense of dispensing justice to the freedmen of her soil,—let her not be surprised to find the patriotism of her citizens of color, overshadowed by an indifference created by the Republic herself. I repeat: Let not the Republic, then, be surprised, to find their leaders as neutral to her patriotic call to defend her honor, as the present administration is in respect to the race's natural and political rights, as are expressed in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of our Federal Constitution.

The question then is simply this: Is there sufficient moral strength represented in our Federal Administration to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of our Federal Constitution, or will the present commercial greed permit the administration to hear only to forget, the appeals of her millions of colored citizens, who now protest — one and all — against the non-democratic legislative actions of the Southern States? God grant that there is!



COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN F. RANSOM, *President.*WALTER W. WALLACE, *Vice-Pres. and Managing Editor.*JESSE W. WATKINS, *Treasurer.*W. A. JOHNSON, *Secretary and Advertising Manager.*

With this issue closes the second year's life of our magazine. While we do not advocate as a general rule, the advisability of spending much time in looking backward, we think that the present high position of our magazine warrants us in taking a few glimpses backward, that we may have a full and realizing sense of "the hole of the pit from whence we have been digged."

While the magazine started out with the best hopes of its friends as to a large success, still the sea of negro race periodicals has had washed up on its shore many and many a wreck, and among even our staunchest friends we found those who doubted as to the final outcome.

But we knew what the race needed, yea, in truth were even waiting for, and we have proceeded to give it to them. While the trials of the past two years have been severe, we have never yet doubted as to the great future of "The Colored American Magazine," and the present hearty and spontaneous support that is being accorded us throughout the country, is most encouraging. Our subscription list is growing by leaps and bounds, and the sale of the magazine through our regular agents is constantly on the increase.

Moreover the sale of the stock in our Company is meeting with a generous response from all sections of the country. And why should it not? Can you anywhere find a business so firmly established, conducted by the race, and having for its aim the lifting up of the best and highest that the negro is ac-

complishing? The world to-day needs "The Colored American Magazine," that it may have a true idea of what the race is doing and the Afro-American needs the magazine as a medium through which to proclaim to the world, which is filled with a bitter race prejudice, that the negro has as great possibilities for good and for the building up of a high plane of life, as any people on the face of the earth. All that we ask is fair play and no special favors. And the race is advancing and will continue to forge ahead, bearing constantly at its mast-head the "Colored American Magazine," as evidence of its higher possibilities.

We hope that every reader of this magazine will give special attention to the several important race papers in this issue. Especially does this apply to the articles, "The New Race Question at the South," and "The Colored Man's Relation to the American Republic."

The first article is by a profound student of race conditions at the South, and he speaks with authority. His attitude is the same that we have always taken, viz.: That the present disfranchising of the race by the Southern States is not a move to improve the standard of the ballot by an educational test, but is a conclusive end in itself as to any future political rights of the negro. This being the case, does it not necessitate on the part of the race that they exert every effort to set aside the unconstitutional laws, and insist upon an equal voice in the common government,

on a common basis with all other citizens, regardless to race, color or previous condition. If the negro race would but unite, under one common banner, with a determined effort to receive simple justice and equality before the law, the end of the present question of disfranchisement would speedily be reached.

During the two years of our magazine's life, we have had occasion to note certain feelings of jealousy on the part of members of the race, who should certainly be among our best friends. In fact, this spirit, together with a more bitter and even traitorous one, has been shown by young men of the race in whom we had placed great confidence. That our young men, even college graduates, should have endeavored to destroy that which we as a race publishing house, are trying to firmly establish, is beyond our understanding. But such our experience has proved to be the case. We are inclined however, to look at them with charity, as, judging from their actions, they have had no experience in what is termed "strictly business."

It has been impossible this month to publish Mr. Braithwaites' story, "The Quality of Color," also Mr. Adam's sketch of the life of Rev. I. B. Scott, D.D., for lack of space. They will both appear, however, in our May number.

Let each of our agents make a special effort to roll up an extra sale for our next issue (May) which will be a Grand Anniversary Number.

It will be the most surprising number we have issued, filled with the very best and brightest in both picture and story. It will be issued early in the month, and we trust that every agent will at least double their usual order for that issue. Let us have your order early, that we may be able to fill them promptly, as during the last two months we have been forced to disappoint many of our regular agents who have ordered late in the month, as the editions for two

months past have been exhausted on the day of publication.

Our special offer to Amateur Photographers, which will appear in our next issue, should greatly stimulate the young people of the race to a deep interest in the art of photography. The prizes will be very liberal and the conditions very favorable. It will interest every reader.

If you have not as yet become a regular subscriber to this magazine, a good time to begin will be with the next issue (May), which will begin a new volume. The strong serial story, "Winona," will start in that issue. Read the special subscription offer in the front part of this magazine and send in your name by return mail.

J. R. Carter, who appears in this issue in one of his many poses, is a native of Danville, Va., who now resides in Boston.

He is a young man of grand physique, as straight as an arrow, and as graceful as a dancing master.

Every line and apportionment of his make-up is correct and in detail, from the artistic view, and his services have been very much required by many painters and sculptors of renown.

In the study presented in this issue, "Ebony and Ivory," by F. H. Day, a sculptor and artist who needs no introduction to Boston art lovers, is a work of art worthy of note.

Many of his poses for Mr. Day, such as Water Carriers, African Chiefs, etc., have been on exhibition in New York, Buffalo, Boston and Paris, and in many cases have taken prizes.

The Colored American Magazine from time to time will contain reproductions from this Art Collection.

Booker Washington's biography is reaching a remarkable diversified audience. It has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Hindustani, and a Finnish edition is under way.

...Announcement for 1902...

The Colored American Magazine

Begs to announce to its many thousands of readers a few of the many special stories and articles that will appear during the year to come. The best thoughts of the leaders of the race will find expression in our pages, and the rapid progress that the race is making will be fully chronicled from month to month. A number of most powerful "Race Novels" will appear during the year in the form of serial stories, and our series of "Write Ups," of which "The Smoky City" is the first, will be extended to other cities of our country. A few of the more prominent articles follow; others will be announced from month to month.

Famous Women of the Negro Race.

In Twelve Groups. By Pauline E. Hopkins.



**PAULINE E. HOPKINS,
THE TALENTED NEGRO AUTHORESS.**

One of the most unique features ever printed by any magazine will be the series entitled "Famous Women of the Negro Race," presented in Twelve Groups, embracing all departments of science, art and business life.

The position occupied by the negro woman in this country is peculiar; she is constantly called upon to combat not only caste, but disbelief, among the whites, in her morality, and in her possession of any of the gentler virtues of womanhood. There is no denying the overwhelming social and civil influence of woman; it is of vast extent. We have hundreds of virtuous, intelligent, cultivated, christian, young colored women who have risen to take their places in society as wives and mothers, who have done much and are still doing much to lift the race and its homes. Without these women, the education of the men and the wonderful changes wrought by emancipation would go for nothing.

ABOLITIONISTS (including missionary workers). Harriet Tubman (Moses), Sojourner Truth, Mary Ann Shadd Carey, Mrs. Wm. W. Brown, Miss Eliza Gardiner, and others. The histories of these women are truly remarkable as well as romantic; each one pledged her life to the work of upbuilding her race.

EDUCATORS. Chloe Lee, Fanny Jackson Coppin, Louise De Mortie, Imogene and Addie Howard, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Miss Maria Baldwin, Mrs. Olivia Davidson Washington, and many others. The debt owed the Colored school teachers can never be paid nor their labors estimated. Truly wonderful women.

VOCALISTS. (Phenomenal voices.) Mme. Anne Pindell, Mme. Elizabeth Taylor Greenfield (Black Swan), Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell, and Mme. Marie Selika are famous for extraordinary endowment in vocal gifts.

INSTRUMENTALISTS. Miss Rachel Washington (first colored female graduate of Conservatory of Music in Boston), Mrs. Cecilia Washington, Miss Bertha Wolfe, Miss Mamie Richardson, etc.

ELOCUTIONISTS. Misses Hallie Q. Brown, Henrietta Vinton Davis, Ednorah Nahar, and others.

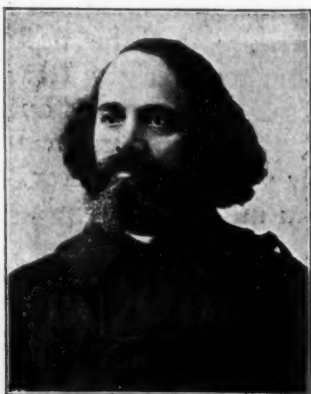
ARTS (including sculptor, woodcarver and designer). Miss Edmonia Lewis and others. Miss Lewis's career is extraordinary. She is now a resident of Rome, Italy, where her salon is the resort of intellectual people. Patronized by the late Lord Beaconsfield, prime minister of England.

LAWYER. Charlotte B. Ray, of New York, daughter of Rev. Charles B. Ray, long identified with every good work in New York, and a foremost leader of his race.

LITERARY WORKERS (including poets, prose writers, journalists, etc.). Phyllis Wheatley, Frances Ellen Harper, Charlotte L. Fortune (Mrs. Frank Grimké), Ida Wells Barnett, and many other noted writers. The list is long and includes many gems.

CLUB LIFE AMONG COLORED WOMEN (being the story of the same from inception to present time). Mrs. Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin, Mrs. Ridley, Mrs. Hannah Smith, Mrs. Jeffries, Miss Maria Baldwin, Mrs. Agnes Adams, Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, Mrs. Josephine Silone Yates, and others.

MEDICAL PROFESSION (doctors, nurses, etc.). Represented by Miss Louise Burgess, Mrs. May Williams, and others.



THEOPHILUS G. STEWARD, D.D.,
CHAPLAIN, U.S.A.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS. Mrs. Georgia Whetzel, of St. John, N. B. (Ice business), Mary Allen (Cigar manufacturer), Misses Whitehurst, Babcocks, Mme. Mitchell (New Bedford), Mme. Pindell, Mrs. Alice Casneau, Mrs. Annie Jones (Costumer), and others.

GRADUATES OF VASSAR, WELLESLEY AND RADCLIFFE COLLEGES. Miss Bessie Baker, Mrs. W. H. Lewis, Camb., Mass.), Miss Anita Hemmings, Miss Alberta Scott, and others from colleges not mentioned.

TWO YEARS IN LUZON. By THEOPHILUS G. STEWARD, D.D. A series of ten interesting and timely articles on the condition of life among the native Filipinos. Told by one who has for the past two years lived among them and obtained all information at first hand. A series that will appeal in a very special manner to all seekers of truth in connection with our latest "Colony." Fully illustrated from photographs taken specially for this series.

The Afro-American Press And Its Editors.

By **CYRUS FIELD ADAMS,**

Assistant Register of the Treasury, President of the National Afro-American Press Association.

This timely series of twelve sketches, embracing the life stories of our leading editors, cannot fail to be of great interest. A portrait will accompany each sketch. Among the early ones to appear are

T. THOMAS FORTUNE, of *The New York Age*.
JOHN MITCHELL, JR., of *The Richmond Planet*.
GEO. L. KNOX, of *The Indianapolis Freeman*.
H. T. KEALING, of *The A. M. E. Review*.
J. B. SCOTT, of *S. W. Christian Advocate*.
W. J. WHITE, of *The Georgia Baptist*.

And other prominent Editors of Afro-American Papers.



CYRUS FIELD ADAMS,
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Life in Hayti.

By **Miss THEODORA HOLLY,** daughter of Bishop Holly of Hayti.

A series of articles of especial interest to the Colored Race in America. The manner of living, together with many of the native customs, is most clearly set before the reader. A most intensely interesting presentation of "real life" in "The Black Republic." The first article to appear will be on the "Haytian Girl."



JAMES D. CORROTHERS,
A PROMINENT POET OF THE RACE.

POWERFUL SERIAL STORIES.

The serial story "Hagar's Daughter," will end in the February, 1902, issue. In the March, 1902, issue an intensely dramatic serial entitled **WINONA** will begin. This story is by our popular authoress, Miss Pauline E. Hopkins, and will run for six months. It is a strong and dramatic tale of Negro Life in the South and Southwest in the romantic period of our history preceding and following the emancipation.

OF ONE BLOOD. By SARAH A. ALLEN, author of "Hagar's Daughter." That this new story will meet the expectation of every reader there is no doubt. It is the crown and glory of the author's work to date. A most powerful psychological novel, dealing with the temporal and spiritual solution of the greatest question of the age—The Negro. It will run for twelve months.

INTERESTING HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

By S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE.

Prof. Hamedoe has promised the following articles to appear in early issues:

KING PHRA CHAO PRAVAT THONG OF SIAM. The land of beetle money, silk, wats and teak. With twelve illustrations of natives and native scenes.

GEN. DODD AND THE CONQUEST OF DAHOMEY. The capture of the most cruel King of the world, Benhazin. With photographs.

COREA. "The land of the morning calm." It is here that men are buried alive, with their heads above earth, and pounced upon by passers by; and coffins are used as sign posts. With many illustrations.

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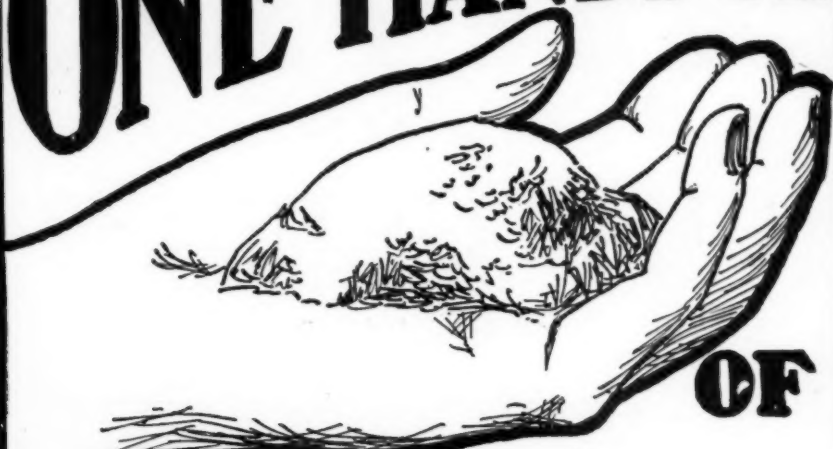
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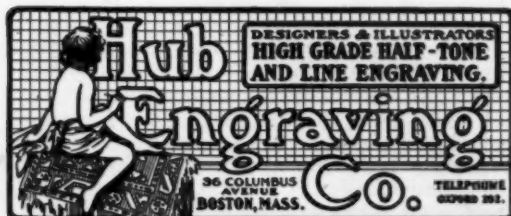
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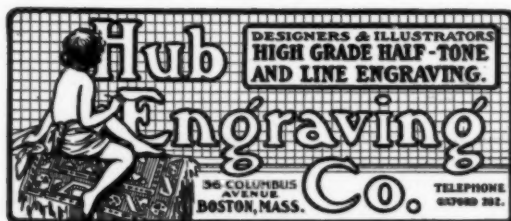
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Please see next page (over.)

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(INCORPORATED)

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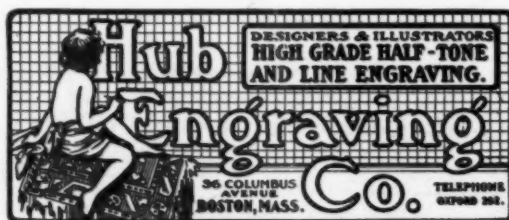
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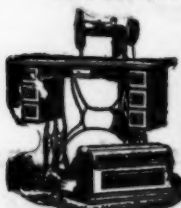
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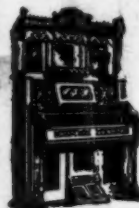
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Colored American Magazine

FOR MARCH, 1902.

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III—By their contribution to her moral greatness.

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A powerful ending to one of the most remarkable Race Stories of modern times. It is certainly a story of *Southern Caste Prejudice*.

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The life story of the fearless editor of the "Richmond Planet," told by one who knows him well. With portrait.

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One Year's Subscription to The Colored American Magazine . . .	1.50
	\$4.50

We give you all of the above for only \$1.50 if YOU ACT QUICKLY.

Every subscriber, as well as every reader of our magazine, should own a copy of the great book, "Contending Forces," and under this most liberal offer they can do so without cost. The story is by the same author as the powerful serial, "Hagar's Daughter," which ends in this number.

If you are already a subscriber and want to take advantage of this offer, you can do so by sending us \$1.50. Upon receipt of that amount the book and photogravure will both be sent you by return mail, and your subscription will be extended twelve months on our regular list, without further charge.

Be sure and send all remittances direct to the Home Office, and not through any agent or branch office.

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(INCORPORATED)

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Capital Stock, \$50,000 10,000 Shares, \$5 each

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The above company has been incorporated, and has taken over the entire business and good-will of The Colored Co-operative Publishing Co. (Association), including the publishing of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, together with all the book publications of the latter company, issued or in process.

This enlargement was made necessary by the very rapid increase in the business of the company, and it will give to Afro-Americans everywhere, much pleasure to know that at last they have a publishing house *of their own*, founded upon a broad and liberal basis, and destined to become one of the beacon lights of their progress during the century just opening.

In order that the race as a whole may have an active part in the building up of this high-grade publishing business, the Directors of the new company have voted to offer for popular subscription, five thousand shares of the Capital Stock of the company, at \$5.00 per share. That this stock will sell at from \$8.00 to \$10.00 a share within a comparatively short time there can be no doubt.

The old company, on its original capitalization, with all the draw-backs of establishing a business to contend with, paid at the end of the first year's business, a dividend of 5 per cent. Figured on that basis the stock of the new company should speedily pay from 6 to 10 per cent, and ultimately a much higher rate of returns.

Under the operation of the new company it will be possible to arrange an elaborate and systematic campaign to secure large advertising contracts, which in themselves will prove very profitable. It will also be possible to arrange a detailed plan to fully develop and introduce the magazine into many new sections at a large profit.

It will be possible under the enlarged scope, to speedily secure a regular monthly circulation of 100,000 copies, which circulation will earn very handsome returns to stockholders.

There has already been subscribed, and paid in, over \$10,000 of the stock of this company.

Please see next page (over.)

The Colored Co-operative Publishing Co.

(INCORPORATED)

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I. It is not a new and undeveloped proposition, but an established business, having been founded in May, 1900, and conducted very successfully since that time.

II. THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE has fully demonstrated its popularity, and it is today the recognized leader of all race publications.

III. The book publications of the company are all of large and permanent value, and each book has demonstrated that, with proper pushing, it will pay a very handsome profit.

IV. The company is first, last and always, a *Race Publishing House*. It has been from the start, and will continue to be, *controlled absolutely by members of the Negro Race*.

V. The company has also had from the start, and will continue to have, the services of a gentleman who has had many years' experience in high-grade book and magazine publishing, which will enable this company to successfully compete with any publishing house in the world.

VI. The same conservative but progressive management, in the future as in the past, will give to each stockholder the assurance that every dollar invested will be used for the best interests of the business, and will be so expended as to make for the greatest good of the race.

VII. Our race at this time is especially in need of a high-grade publication that shall clearly and fearlessly show to the world the real progress that we as a people are making, to the end that a more real sense of brotherhood may be established between those of our people who are really worthy and those of the white race who are not above fair-play judged solely by merit.

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We also desire responsible agents in every town and city to not only sell the stock of this company, but also to represent our magazine and book publication. Address all orders or inquiries to

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The Colored American Magazine

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The soles are made from "*virgin*" or *Pure Para rubber* and are *absolutely waterproof*.

They will protect the feet from dampness thereby preventing colds, pneumonia and consumption.

They are easy as moccasins, and relieve the jar upon the spine and brain.

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I have worn your Rubber Soled Shoes for several months past. Too much can hardly be said in their praise. They are dry, very elastic, and relieve all jar in walking. They are ideal shoes, **as easy as moccasins, and yet of excellent appearance**.

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The
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The above miniature illustration gives but a faint idea of the beauty and artistic merit of this great work and of course does not bring out clearly the features and dress of the subjects or the details of the background.

The portraits of the Presidents were made from the most authentic originals. The clothing accurately represents the style of the period in which each lived. The background is made up of typical scenes in American history, dissolving one into another, beginning with the Liberty Bell, as if sounding the note of American independence, and closing with Admiral Dewey's Victory at Manila. Other scenes represent the Boston Tea Party, Battle of Bunker Hill, Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Perry's Naval Victory, the First Locomotive, Capture of the City of Mexico, Fulton's First Steamboat, Battle between Monitor and Merrimac, the Westward Migration, Battle of Gettysburg, Battle of San Juan Hill. These are all indicated in margin at top of picture. In the margin under each President is placed the name, dates of birth, inauguration and death. "Our Presidents" is indeed

A RARE WORK OF ART.

The original was painted by the eminent artist, Mr. C. Senf. The work of collecting and selecting the individual portraits of the Presidents involved great expense and months of searching through public and private libraries and art collections. The posing and arranging, according to critics and press, could not have

been more perfect, from an artistic point of view, had the Presidents been grouped in life. This beautifully-executed picture graces the walls of the present occupant of the White House and of the two living ex-Presidents, as well as of many Senators, Congressmen, Diplomats, Naval and Army Officers and other notables of this and foreign countries.

The picture is made by the costly photogravure method, the process necessitating three printings. It is not to be compared with the cheap lithograph or the hard-lined steel engraving. It has the soft, delicate finish of the finest photograph and is in an appropriate shade of brown, with a brown tint border. It is printed on the finest quality of heavy plate paper.

The photogravure of "Our Presidents" is an historical lesson for the youth of the land and an inspiration to patriotism, a feature that should interest particularly all parents and educators. The picture should be on the walls of every home, school, library and business office in the land. Draped in the national colors it makes an excellent display for store windows and halls, for conventions and all other public gatherings. Many art stores are selling "Our Presidents" for five and ten times what we now ask for it. Every one who sees it wonders how such a work can be sold for one dollar.

Every art lover and every patriotic American should have "Our Presidents." It will be sent, charges prepaid, to any address, upon receipt of \$1.00. Address:

By special arrangement with the publishers of this beautiful picture, we are enabled to make a most remarkable offer to our readers. We will mail this picture FREE to every person sending us two yearly subscriptions to The Colored American Magazine at the regular price, \$1.50 each. Please note that these subscriptions must be sent to the home office, and not through any agent.

This picture has recently become famous through the assassination of our late President, Wm. McKinley, whose picture is shown in the group.

Address all orders to THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.

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the management of this
The Company has had, we
Best have never had
Food of such a ready
the Century seller as

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name is not
what has done it.—
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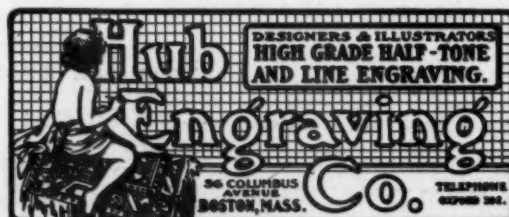
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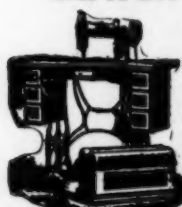
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AMERICA'S INDEBTEDNESS TO HER COLORED CITIZENS. By T. Gilbert Hazel.

A most powerful and masterly presentation of the great debt owed to the race by this country, as measured by their contribution to her commercial, financial, moral, numerical and political greatness. (This article was delayed from March issue.)

REV. I. B. SCOTT, D.D. By Cyrus Field Adams.

The Christian editor, author and orator. A sketch of the life of the popular editor of *The Southwestern Christian Advocate*. (With portrait.)

A ZULU PRINCE. By P. Calvin Pin.

Recollections of a *Real Zulu Prince*, son of Panda the Great Chief, from personal contract both here and abroad.

THE RELIGION OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS. By Rev. A. Clayton Powell.

The article goes to prove that the religion which Frederick Douglass loved and lived was the religion of Jesus Christ and of his Apostles.

MOSES DICKSON: The Great Negro Organizer and Fraternal Society Leader. By Lester A. Walton, of the *St. Louis Star*.

A touching and timely memorial to this great race leader. (With portrait.)

MAY NUMBER.

WINONA. By Pauline E. Hopkins.

A popular serial to run for six months, will begin in this issue. It is a dramatic tale of Negro life in the South and Southwest in the period of our history preceding and following the emancipation. "Winona" is a free child of mixed blood stolen by unprincipled men and sold as a slave. Her rescue and restoration to her rightful home and fortune by a brave young Negro, gives a thrilling story filled with incidents of heroism for which many Negroes have been noted in our past history.

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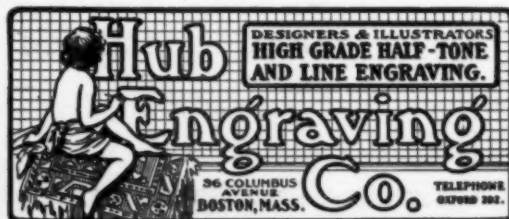


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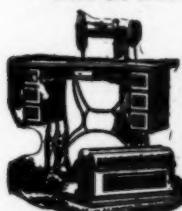
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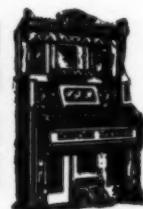
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Among the many strong features of the Anniversary Number we mention the following as being of special interest.

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A popular serial to run for six months, will begin in this issue. It is a dramatic tale of Negro life in the South and Southwest in the period of our history preceding and following the emancipation. "Winona" is a free child of mixed blood stolen by unprincipled men and sold as a slave. Her rescue and restoration to her rightful home and fortune by a brave young Negro, gives a thrilling story filled with incidents of heroism for which many Negroes have been noted in our past history.

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